

POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED BY HAROLD FURNESS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

CASH

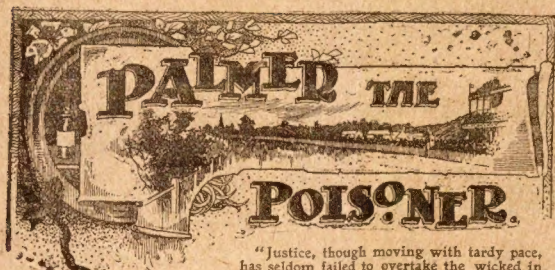
POISON

ONE · PENNY

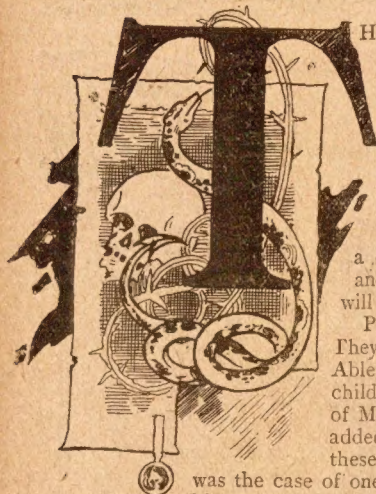
SUN POWDER



THE LANDLORD SAW PALMER FILL UP THE TINY BOTTLE WITH THE MIXTURE.



PART II.



HE mention of the suspicion which the friends of Mr. Bladon felt at his sudden death was not necessary to make Mrs. Palmer uneasy. As soon as she heard of Bladon's death she exclaimed: "My poor mother died when on a visit here last year—and now this man. What will people say?"

People said a good deal. They recalled the death of Abley, the words of the children's nurse, the death of Mrs. Thornton, and they added several other cases to these. For instance, there

was the case of one of Palmer's uncles on his mother's side, a Mr. Bentley, who had inherited great wealth. There was a general report that Palmer wanted this old man out of the way so that he might be nearer to the property, which would have only to pass through a lame uncle to reach him in the ordinary course of events. One evening he invited his uncle to have a glass of brandy-and-water, which the old man accepted. Next day he died in great agony.

To Palmer's disgust, he found that the deceased had left the property to his lame brother, as he expected, but had also stipulated that when the latter died the bulk of the estate should go to the cripple's wife. Accordingly, the old lady had also to be removed before the death of her lame husband, and to this end Palmer waited for a favourable opportunity. It came at last. Old Mrs. Bentley was a little indisposed one day when in Rugeley, and Palmer prescribed two pills for her, giving her instructions to take them at bedtime. She did not do so, as she felt a little better, and was rather surprised to see a messenger from William Palmer ride up in the early morning very anxious to know how she was. Palmer appeared to be greatly annoyed when he heard that she had not taken the pills, and sent an urgent message to her to be sure and take them that night, but the old lady was determined to cheat the doctors, as she said, and threw the pills out of the window, where her fowls ate them, and died in consequence!

Besides these rumours, there were other indefinite statements which floated round the name of Palmer, and people looked askance at him when he passed in the street, but his assumed piety shielded him from real suspicion, for who could believe evil of so devout a church-goer?

Shortly before the death of his youngest child, which took place in 1854, Palmer made the unwelcome discovery that the property willed by Colonel Brookes to Annie Thornton was not left to her in perpetuity, but on her death reverted to the nearest relatives of the deceased colonel. This made him a little uneasy, as he had counted on realising no small fortune when his wife died. It was not unreasonable, then, that he should insure her

life to shield himself from the poverty which would certainly be his lot if she died before him. It was not, however, to be expected that he would insure her for the enormous sum of £13,000, which he did. This large amount he divided between three insurance companies—£5,000 each in the Sun and Scottish Equitable, and £3,000 in the Norwich Union. It was also remarkable that the yearly premium which he had to pay on these policies was in excess of the total income which his wife received from her property.

Larger policies than these he tried to effect, amounting in all to over £28,000, but the offices declined to take heavier risks, so he had to be contented with what he could get.

These insurances were made in January, 1854. On September 18 of that year Mrs. Palmer, accompanied by her sister-in-law, Sarah Palmer, went to a concert at the St. George's Hall, Liverpool, and when she came home she was not very well. It was generally supposed that she had caught a slight chill, as she ventured out in light summer attire. When she returned she complained of feeling very unwell, and went direct to bed. Next morning her husband brought her up a cup of strong tea, without any milk in it, and some pieces of dry toast. She finished this frugal meal, and then a violent attack of vomiting immediately set in. This was on a Wednesday morning. She rapidly grew worse, and Ann Bradshaw, an old nurse of the family, was called in to attend to her. Whatever food she took was administered to her by Palmer or by Bradshaw, who was very old and very deaf.

On Sunday Palmer thought that, for appearance sake, he had better call in more medical assistance, and, accordingly, sent for Dr. Bamford, who was then over 82 years of age and mentally feeble. Palmer did not trouble this ancient relic of the healing art to make a diagnosis, but informed him that his wife was suffering from an attack of English cholera. Had Dr. Bamford examined his patient he would have found that, far from Mrs. Palmer suffering from cholera, with its attendant purging and vomiting, she was in exactly the opposite state, suffering from acute constipation. He prescribed the customary preliminary purgative pills of calomel and colocynth, and left his patient till Tuesday, when he called again, and found that only one of the pills had been taken, and that Mrs. Palmer was much weaker. He did not trouble to call again.

On the Monday, between the visits of Dr. Bamford, another octogenarian physician called and saw Mrs. Palmer, but she was too weak to speak to him, and he took her symptoms as described to him by Palmer, prescribing a little very dilute hydrocyanic acid to relieve the retching. He did not call again till Saturday, when he was informed that Mrs. Palmer, who was formerly one of his wards, had died on the previous day.

With the exception of these cursory visits, for form's sake, and one casual glance at her by Thirlby, who prescribed a little brandy, Mrs. Palmer was solely attended by her husband. This did not seem to be at all unusual to the veteran medicos, who had smiled on the sick woman and gone their way, for they both readily signed the certificate of death, which stated that she succumbed to English cholera.

During her illness the poor woman seemed to have but one anxiety—fear lest her only living child should follow her rapidly to the grave. She must have been suspicious of her husband, for on several occasions, when she had been forced to go to the seaside for her health, she had been heard to exclaim: "My dear Willie! I hope he's safe. I mean, I hope he's well!" To remove him from his father's influence as much as possible, she begged that her son should be sent to Mrs. Salt to be brought up, as soon as she was dead, and this fell in with her husband's views, for he was too busy with his racing troubles to be worried with a boy about the house.

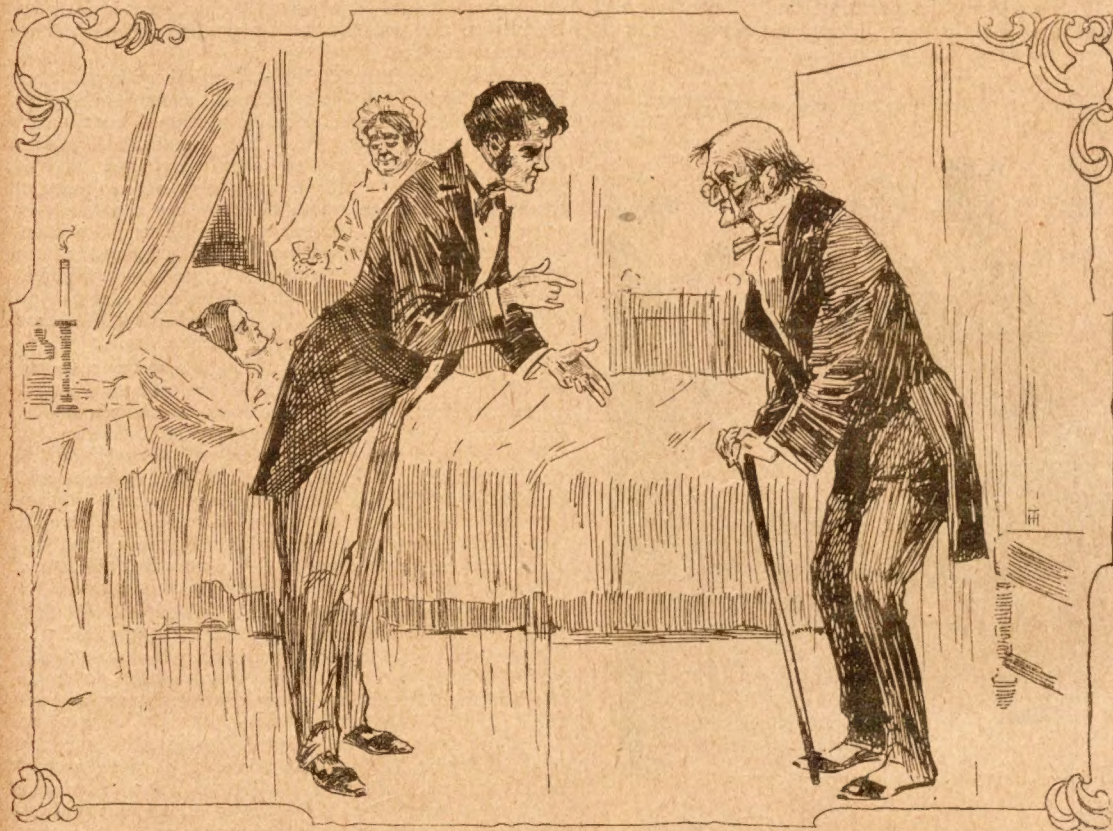
Palmer chronicles his wife's death in his diary as follows: "September 29, 1854, Friday.—My poor, dear

Anne expired at ten past one." Nine days after we find another entry to the effect that he attended church as usual, and received the Sacrament. He appeared to be very much afflicted by his wife's death, and made no attempt to hide his grief. When it is mentioned, however, that exactly nine months after the death of his wife Palmer's fifteenth illegitimate child was born in his own house, the mother being his servant, Eliza Tharm, one cannot help regarding the Rugeley doctor as one of the greatest hypocrites who have ever disgraced this earth.

Mrs. Palmer being dead and buried, Palmer applied to the insurance offices for payment, and the money was handed over without a murmur, but, it appears, not without suspicion, for it transpired later that the manager of the Norwich Union communicated with the Sun office,

whom Palmer had received many accommodations at ruinous rates of interest, on bills presumed to be accepted by his mother, but of which, as a matter of fact, old Mrs. Palmer was in blissful ignorance. The death of his wife, therefore, relieved Palmer of considerable pecuniary embarrassment, and at the same time left him free to pursue the dictates of his passions.

Once clear of debt, Palmer found it impossible to keep out of it. He was as frequently seen in the ring at the various race meetings as before, and when he went to London to discount bills drawn or accepted by "Sarah Palmer" he spent the greater part of his nights in the gambling dens which then abounded in the metropolis. Thus, a month or two after his wife's death, Palmer was as heavily embarrassed as before, and he had incurred



INFORMED HIM THAT HIS WIFE WAS SUFFERING FROM AN ATTACK OF ENGLISH CHOLERA.

suggesting that payment should be deferred until full inquiry had been made into the circumstances of Mrs. Palmer's death, but the latter office pointed out that, as the certificate had been signed by three medical men, they would hardly be justified in taking that course, and, accordingly the other insurance firms had to fall into line and hand over the £13,000 to Palmer. Nevertheless, suspicion was rife in the town, and spread to places far distant from Stafford. Even the betting men with whom Palmer had been in the habit of doing business hinted to one another that their client had made away with his wife, and, while they took his money cheerfully, declined any less formal communication with him. He was often referred to as "Palmer, of Rugeley, whom little boys say poisoned his wife," the speaker being careful always to stipulate that the boys were little.

The money which Palmer received from the insurance offices was soon dissipated in paying off his most pressing liabilities, the greater portion of it going into the pockets of Mr. Pratt, a West-End lawyer and money-lender, from

the suspicion of poisoning his partner for life to little purpose.

At Stafford lived Walter Palmer, a brother of the subject of this biography. He was by trade a corn merchant, but devoted no little portion of his time to the Turf and to miscellaneous villainies which he called sport. He was far from a reputable member of society, and had passed through the bankruptcy court. He was a very heavy drinker, so much so that in Stafford his name and drunkard were considered synonymous, but, apart from the shady performances, which in those days were regarded as rather the weaknesses of the sportsman than the promptings of the swindler, he was simple-minded enough, and in the way of business would not cheat any more than he would be cheated.

Having a mania for insurance, Palmer proposed to Walter that he should insure his life for him, and promised to lend him some money if the policies were accepted. This took Walter's fancy, and he kept sober for several days, in the hope that his doctor would certify

his life as a sound one. Thirteen thousand pounds was not enough for this venture, and Palmer drew up the following list of policies which he proposed to effect on his brother Walter's life with the insurance companies:

The Solicitors' and General	£13,000
The Prince of Wales	13,000
The Universal	13,000
The Indisputable	14,000
The Athenæum	14,000
The Gresham	15,000
Total	£82,000

Of these offices, the Prince of Wales alone accepted the proposal, and Pratt paid them upwards of £700 on Palmer's behalf as the premium for the first year. This



Palmer in the Gambling Den.

was the only office for which William Palmer acted as medical examiner, a Dr. Waddell making the examination for the other offices, and adding to his report that the proposed candidate was strong and in good health the ominous warning:

"His brother insured his late wife's life for many thousands, and after the first payment she died. Be cautious."

One insurance having been effected, and not through the merits of his temporary abstinence, Walter Palmer soon reverted to his old manner of living, and drank, if possible, a little more than previously, obviously to make up for lost time.

While recovering from one of the earliest of the renewed drinking bouts he met Dr. Waddell, the surgeon who had warned the insurance offices, and who had been his medical attendant for the last few years.

"How are you now?" asked the doctor.

"Why, lad," replied Walter, "I'm very bad, indeed; I shall never get over it; I'm a very wretched man!"

"Nonsense!" said the doctor; "I'll guarantee your cure, if you will only obey my instructions."

"Well, I think not," was the patient's reply, as he shook his head; "my brother William is going to bring me over some pills to-morrow."

"Then, if you take medicine from anybody else, even from your own brother, I will give you up!" was the irate physician's startling remark as he stalked off.

A day or two after this encounter William had his brother removed from his lodgings to others which were more convenient for his purpose. To have the life which was worth £13,000 well looked after Palmer engaged a man named Walkenden as a sort of guardian and companion to Walter. His real business seemed to be to take care that Walter drank sufficient gin-and-water in the course of a day, but not to let him get too far gone in delirium tremens until the proper time arrived for him to depart this life.

It was in April, 1785, that Walter Palmer moved from his old lodgings and betook himself, under Walkenden's gentle guidance, to more scientific modes of intoxication. Between February and July the "protected" Walter managed to consume over 19 gallons of gin, for most of which William paid. On August 3 he went to Liverpool to see his wife, from whom he had been separated for some time owing to his habits of intoxication, and remained there for five days, keeping perfectly sober, since he was away from his friend and bottle-holder, Walkenden; then he returned to Staffordshire, and went to stop with William for a day at Rugeley, returning the same evening to his lodgings in Castle Terrace, Stafford.

On Sunday, August 12, Mr. Day, a surgeon, called to see Walter, and found William in the rooms, who explained to him that his brother was too intoxicated to see anyone. On the afternoon of the following day William Palmer was also too drunk to be seen by his medical adviser. Tuesday found William, Walter, and Walkenden at the Wolverhampton races, where William kept sober, but Walter was made uproariously drunk. All that is to be found in Palmer's diary concerning that day is the bare entry: "August 14.—Went by Stafford to see Walter; came home by gig from Wolverhampton."

This, however, was not all that William did that day. A chemist in Wolverhampton, by name of Whyman, who was assistant to the firm of Mander and Co., remembered Palmer coming into their shop and asking for an ounce of prussic acid, which, as he was a medical man, he gave him.

Palmer later on firmly denied having been into any shop at all that day, but the "boots" at the Junction Hotel, Stafford, declared that William Palmer gave him two bottles wrapped in white paper, telling him to keep them for him, and return them to him when he asked for them. He was also told not to expose them to the light. Later that day Palmer asked for the bottles, and, after being away about an hour, returned, and again gave the bottles into the custody of the "boots."

Next morning Palmer applied to the "boots" for the bottles again, and was given them. He then took from his pocket a very small bottle, and, taking one of the larger bottles, poured a small quantity of the contents of the little phial into it, and, having shaken up the larger bottle, filled up the tiny bottle with the mixture. He then went away, taking with him only the little bottle. The landlord of the hotel was accidentally present while Palmer was engaged in his mixing operations. That same evening Palmer told the ostler to put the two large bottles in his gig, and he drove off with them.

This, it must be remembered, took place on Wednesday, August 15. While Palmer was amusing himself thus with his experiments, what was Walter doing? Walter was in his lodgings, very drunk indeed, having been freely plied with liquor by his faithful henchman, Walkenden. Mr. Day called to see him, but was told by Walkenden that Walter was at Wolverhampton races.

That night William Palmer slept at Rugeley and left

home on the following morning, stating that he was going to Ludlow race meeting. He did not go there, however, but went to Castle Terrace to see Walter, where, during the course of the day, he received a telegram from Mr. Jeremiah Smith, of whom we have heard before, advising him to back a certain horse. That telegram arrived at 2.32 in the afternoon, at which moment Walter Palmer expired, William and Walkenden being by his side. Twenty minutes previously he had been seized with an attack of apoplexy.

Before his brother's corpse was cold Palmer commissioned "boots" at the Junction Hotel to take a message to a telegraph office asking a friend to lay £50 on a particular horse for him, and spent that afternoon in a great state of anxiety as to the winner of the Ludlow Stakes.

Funerals are unpleasant things, and Palmer seems always to have made a point of getting them over as quickly as possible. The instant the breath was out of his brother's body he sent at once for an undertaker, and told him to make all speed with the necessary preparations, requesting him particularly to have the shell sent home that very evening, and the lead coffin in two days at the outside.

The next day he went to Liverpool to acquaint Walter's wife with her loss, and she, most naturally, asked him why he had not written or telegraphed to her when her husband was taken ill. To this Palmer replied that he wanted to do so, but that Walter had begged him not to, saying that when he wanted his wife he would let her know himself. Mrs. Palmer then proposed going off to Stafford at once to see her husband before he was buried, but Palmer told her that he had been obliged to have his brother's coffin closed at once on account of decomposition. In this he lied, for it was not till the following night that he went to Stafford himself for the purpose of seeing the shell and coffin closed, and the oak coffin was not fastened down till the following Monday. Even then the undertaker could not make out why Palmer was in such a hurry to have the coffins closed, as he declared that there was no decomposition noticeable.

On August 27 Walter Palmer was buried in the Palmers' family vault, at Rugeley, in which lay William's four children, Mrs. Thornton, and Bladon, all probable victims of William's unhappy taste for poisons.

His brother safely interred, Palmer set about getting the money from the insurance office, and to that end forwarded a certificate of death, signed by Dr. Day, who had not been permitted to see Walter on the morning of his death, to the effect that he had died of apoplexy. It must be supposed that the doctor granted this certificate as a matter of professional courtesy, or possibly imagining that apoplexy was the only thing that a man who had been well enough to be at the races the day before his death would be likely to die of.

This certificate, together with a mass of other documents, was sent off to Mr. Pratt, the shady lawyer-usurer, to deal with in the ordinary course.

But this time a surprise awaited the schemers. The insurance office flatly refused to pay. They had been told that the insurance was designed to cover an advance made by Mrs. Palmer, and now found that it had been assigned to William, in return for a supposed loan of £400, though the deceased had received only £40. Other circumstances, they declared, excited their suspicion, and they referred Pratt to their solicitors. Pratt, upon this, laid a case before Sir Fitzroy Kelly, who decided that William Palmer was not entitled to recover the money, on the grounds that he had not given or lent enough as consideration, and suggested that the next of kin to the deceased should take out letters of administration of his estate.

This put the burden on the shoulders of Mrs. Walter Palmer, and, failing her, the estate would be administered by Palmer's mother, unless either of these ladies renounced their right to administration, when Palmer would be the next-of-kin. To gain this end Pratt obtained from

Doctors' Commons two copies of forms of renunciation, and sent them down to Palmer to get the necessary parties to sign as soon as he saw a chance of coaxing them to do so.

In the meantime Palmer had become very pressed for money, and did not know which way to turn to obtain sufficient funds to carry him on for a bit, so he wrote the following letter to Mrs. Walter Palmer:

Rugeley, September 27, 1855.

DEAR AGNES,—I hope the change of air and scenery has, by this time, done you good, and that you are more quiet and reconciled than when I communicated to you the painful, the sorrowful, news of the death of poor Walter. Ah! poor fellow! I often think of him, and only wish that I could have done now for him that I did while he was alive, and I assure you I did a very, very great deal for him—perhaps a great deal more than you are aware of.

I know not whether Walter told you that I had advanced him on the drawing (room) furniture £85. Of course, I was aware that some of it belonged to you, but he, poor fellow, told me that you would repay me the money—which I feel sure you will after I have told



Palmer asked for an ounce of Prussic Acid.

you—and I shall have much pleasure in sending it to your orders. There was also one other item you must, if you please, assist me to, viz., £40 for a bill, which you knew well of the circumstance, and I must be excused going into particulars. This amount I should not ask you for, but Walter said if I would only take up the bill you would pay me, and I am sure you will, after all the money I have paid. I have received bills amounting to £200, which, I suppose, must be paid by someone. What say you to this? You cannot for one single moment think but that I ought to have assistance from someone, and I crave yours, because I feel certain that poor Walter must have told you how very, very often, and on very many occasions, I had stood his friend; and, I believe, I and his dear mother (except yourself) were the only friends he had on earth. I only wish his career through life had been a different one; he might have been alive; but, poor fellow, he is dead and buried, and I hope and trust he is gone to heaven. With kind regards, yours ever truly,

WILLIAM PALMER.

Mrs. Walter Palmer, Edith Lodge,
Graham Road, Great Malvern.

The answer to this letter is interesting, inasmuch as it

proves that neither Walter nor his wife had the least idea that his life was insured for the sum of £13,000, much less that attempts had been made to obtain policies to the extent of £82,000. Mrs. Walter Palmer's reply ran as follows:

Edith Lodge, Great Malvern, September 28, 1855.

DEAR WILLIAM,—I have just received your note, and must say I am much surprised at its contents. What right had you to lend your money, supposing that I would repay it, without consulting me on the subject? Poor Walter's explanation to me, over and over again, was that you had insured his life for, I think he said, £1,000, and that you had promised to advance him £500 of the money, but that you had put him off from time to time, and were just giving him a few pounds now and then to go on with, until you could find means to pay him the whole. Now, if that is true, and I am much inclined to believe it, you are the proper person to pay all that he owes; but if you make that out to be



The Detectives find the "Esquire."

incorrect, and I have no way, I am very sorry to say, of proving it, I still should not consider that I am the person to be looked to to pay his debts, never having received a farthing from him or being kept by him in the whole course of our married life. I should not think that your mother can be aware that you are applying to me for payment of her son's debts, and I will not have it for a moment supposed that I am the responsible person. In conclusion, I beg of you to remember and beware how you belie the dead.—I am, yours truly,
A. A. PALMER.

Mr. William Palmer, Rugeley, Staffordshire.

Foiled in his attempt to extort money from his brother's widow, Palmer despatched his crony, Jeremiah Smith, to Mrs. Walter to induce her to sign the deed of renunciation and to surrender her interest in the policy on her husband's life. She was willing enough to sign if

the document was in proper form, and referred Jeremiah to her solicitor. Smith said that he would go and see him and show him the instrument, but never went near him at all, as it would never do for Mrs. Walter to have any idea of the amount her husband's life was valued at.

The need for "something to be done to raise the wind" becoming every day more apparent, Palmer cast about for another person to insure, with the object of making himself master of the insurance money as soon as sufficient time had elapsed to allay suspicion, and for this purpose selected one George Bate, a decayed farmer, who was acting as a kind of under-farm-bailiff to Palmer himself, but whom he describes in the insurance papers as "a gentleman and an esquire desirous of insuring his life for the sum of £25,000." John Parsons Cook and Cheshire, the Rugeley postmaster, were the two referees, and the business was to be carried through by Jeremiah Smith, instead of Pratt, who had hitherto had the pickings out of Palmer's insurance schemes.

Smith immediately wrote to the Midland Insurance Company and got himself appointed its agent in Rugeley, and then submitted the name of Mr. William Palmer as the medical referee. This being done, he very soon forwarded to the head office the proposal form of "George Bate, Esq., who wanted to insure his life for £10,000 with the Midland Office, as part of a total insurance of £25,000." Bate himself knew very little about the business. He had been told by Palmer that if he allowed him to insure his life for a small amount he would advance him some money and help him into a good position again. He signed the paper in the presence of Cook, but the amount of insurance desired was not filled in till afterwards, and Bate did not know it.

Recognising a sort of fatality about insurances coming from Rugeley, the insurance company sent down a couple of private detectives to make sure that the "esquire" was a man of substance and likely to be worth insuring. Judge of the detectives' astonishment when they found the "esquire" hoeing turnips in a little plot of land, and learnt that he occupied a single room in an adjoining farmhouse, the rent of which he had not paid for about six months. That insurance was not successful.

While the detectives were down at Rugeley they thought that it might be as well to investigate the circumstances of Walter Palmer's death, and went about asking questions. The conclusion they arrived at was that he had been poisoned, and they went to William Palmer, and told him of their suspicions.

—+ TO BE CONCLUDED. +—



Imprisoning a Prince of Wales.

As far as public imprisonment is concerned, Prince Henry of Wales, afterwards Henry V. of England, is the only one of our Royalty who has been committed to gaol for a breach of the criminal laws of the country. The fearless judge who sent his future sovereign into durance was the celebrated Gascoigne, who committed the prince to the King's Bench prison for open contempt of court in the following words:

"Syr, remembre yourselfe, I keep here the place of the Kyng, your souveraine lorde and father, to whom ye owe double obedience; wherefore eftsoones in his name, I charge you desyste of your wilfulness and unlawfull enterprise, and from hensforth give good example to those, whyche hereafter shall be your propre subjectes. And now, for your contempe and disobedience, go you to the prysone of the Kyng's benche, whereunto I commyte you, and remayne ye there prysoner untill the pleasure of the Kyng your father be further knowne."

Prince Henry was so abashed at this sudden and summary infliction of punishment that he laid down his sword and was duly taken to prison, where he was kept until he had apologised to the Chief Justice and to the King for his contempt of the majesty of the courts. Subsequently, when he came to the throne, he had the greatest respect and affection for the fearless judge who dared to regard the dictates of justice as above the dignity of an hereditary title.



The Rev. Robert Hawkins

A Clergyman who was persecuted and falsely accused because he demanded his just dues.

"Let us consider the reason of the case, for nothing is Law that is not reason."
—SIR JOHN POWELL. "Cogges v. Bernard."



FROM the earliest days of Christianity the Church has not been wanting in men who will uphold her honour and her rights at all cost, nor have there been lacking scoundrels who have seen fit to conspire to ruin the clerics who have proved themselves champions of those rights. Here we have a case which dates from the middle of the seventeenth century in which the trials and troubles of a harmless but zealous clergyman are set forth, together with the baseness of his adversaries, who strove to confound him and to rob him of honour, living, and life.

Sir John Croke, Bart., was the descendant of a long line of distinguished men who had helped to make England. He was Squire of Chilton, in Buckinghamshire, and had the advowson of the living of that little parish. Unfortunately, Sir John was not of the same mettle as his forebears, for he early proved himself a dissolute and drunken fellow, and he was continually in trouble with his creditors, to whom he was in the habit of giving worthless paper.

About the year 1665 the living of Chilton fell vacant, and the baronet had to look round for a successor, and at last found one Robert Hawkins, a strictly orthodox clergyman and a man of marked learning. To him he offered the post of chaplain to his own house, and also the cure of souls at Chilton, promising to pay him the munificent sum of fifty pounds per annum, in quarterly instalments, for his labour in the vineyard of the Lord.

The Rev. R. Hawkins, being zealous, accepted the charge, and started on his duties. The first quarter-day came round, but the expected £12 10s. did not come from the Manor House. However, the parson was willing to wait a little, in the hopes that next quarter would see the affair settled. But his hopes were vain, for as each term for payment came round Sir John managed to make some excuse, promising to settle up when the next instalment became due. This went on for a couple of years, and then Parson Hawkins got a little restive, for he had to provide the necessities of life with no money to pay for them.

Accordingly, he went to the baronet and asked him if he could not possibly manage to pay him the money which was justly his due for the labours of the previous twenty-four months, and also asked him to return a portion of the money which he had actually borrowed from his chaplain.

To this very reasonable request the worthy Sir John replied that all his life he had cheated everybody whom he possibly could, and he had not the least intention of paying the clergyman a halfpenny of what was due to him. "Other people," he remarked, "have to go without and so will you!"

More or less incensed at this method of dealing with debts, Mr. Hawkins went off to London, where he learnt, to his astonishment, that the baronet was really a bankrupt and was in charge of a keeper, who was supposed to guard him as a prisoner. This being the exact position of affairs, the vicar asked those who held the estate in trust to give him the right to take tithes, so that at least he might obtain

sufficient to live upon. This was done, and he was supplied with the necessary documents.

Returning to Chilton, Mr. Hawkins called on Sir John and told him what he had done, and asked him to aid in the necessary recovery of his rights. Sir John was struck with astonishment for a moment, and then showered on the inoffensive parson a torrent of abusive rhetoric which would have done credit to any travel-stained cavalier. After this the clergyman retired, feeling sure that he could not remain in his patron's presence with safety.

Hawkins then set about getting his tithes from the farmers in the neighbourhood, and, to smooth matters over, called a meeting of them and discussed the matter. He pointed out to them how much was owing to him from the lord of the manor, and also showed them his authorisation to collect the tithes, promising that if they would only let him see their leases he would not call upon any of those whose papers were dated before the estate went into Chancery. While admitting his claim, the farmers said that they would consult Sir John Croke on the matter. This wrangle resulted in the parson having to sue Larimore, Mayne, Beamsley, and Sanders for the tithes which they had not paid. These and others complained to Sir John Croke, who comforted them by saying that he would soon rid them of their troublesome creditor if they would only stick to him. The method by which he proposed to do this is best seen by the account of the trial to which it gave rise.

It was on the 11th of March, 1669, that Lord Chief Baron Hale took his seat on the bench at Aylesbury to try cases. In a moment the name of Robert Hawkins, clerk in holy orders, was called, and he was placed at the bar to plead to an indictment charging him with having entered the house of Henry Larimore and stolen therefrom two gold rings, a piece of holland, two half-sovereigns, and nineteen shillings in silver. Larimore was the prosecutor.

The accused declared that he was not guilty, and the trial began. The jurors were sworn in in the customary fashion, and, without counsel having even opened the case, Larimore was examined. He swore that on Friday the 18th of September, in the year 1668, he left his house about noon, having locked all his doors and fastened his windows, and that about an hour and a-half before sunset he returned. When he did so he found his door wide open, so he crept upstairs to a loft, or occasional bedroom, and looked into the lower back room through a chink. There he saw the Rev. Robert Hawkins examining the contents of a box, and observed him take out the articles which were mentioned in the indictment. Apparently the thief heard some noise above, for he suddenly stopped in his work and ran out of the house, carrying a large bunch of keys in his hand. Next day Larimore got a warrant from Sir Richard Piggot, one of the justices for the district, and searched the vicar's house. The clergyman refused to admit the search-party, and so the door was broken open. Larimore had an idea that the goods would be hidden in one of the lower rooms, and went straight to the back parlour, where he saw a basket containing some eggs and other trifles hanging on a nail. He took this down, and among the eggs found a gold ring and a crown piece. He then called the other members of the party in and showed them how he proved the prisoner's guilt. The judge asked him if he was certain that the robbery took place on the 18th of September, and he said that he was perfectly sure that it did. Hawkins was then permitted to cross-examine the witness. He asked him how it was that when he had actually seen him robbing him he said nothing about it till the following day instead of at once raising the hue and cry. To this the prosecutor made no answer.

The next witness was the son of the previous one. He was described as "near twenty years old and not baptised." To his evidence the prisoner took exception, for he said that a man who was not a Christian should not be sworn on a Christian oath. The Lord Chief Baron, however, overruled this, and the youth was heard. He said that when he approached the house a few minutes after his father had entered it he saw a man, whom he recognised as the prisoner, running away from it, and carrying in his hand a large bunch of keys. When he went into the house his father remarked to him quite carelessly that he had been robbed. This was on the 18th of September of the previous year. The time was about an hour and a-half before sundown.

In cross-examination Hawkins asked whether his father had not said more to him than to tell him that he had been robbed. The witness said that nothing further was said.

"Did he ask you which way I was going?"

"No."

Then the prisoner pointed out to the judge how improbable it was that a man who had only a moment before been

robbed should not ask his son, who had that instant come in, whether he had noticed which way the culprit was running. The judge said nothing.

Joan Beamsley, sister of Larimore, senior, and wife of the Beamsley whom Hawkins prosecuted, was next called. She swore that she had seen the prisoner running from the house with a large bunch of keys in his hand at exactly the same time as the other witnesses. On this the judge exclaimed, "Here is enough sworn, if believed, to hang twenty men!"

"I doubt not but to clear myself," added Mr. Hawkins.

Richard Mayne, the village constable, was the next witness. He swore that he had broken open the house door of the prisoner because he would not admit the search-party, and subsequently was shown the gold ring and the silver crown which Larimore found. He took the prisoner before Sir John Croke for committal to prison.

"Why did you tell the gaoler to load me well with irons?" asked Hawkins.

scrupulous divine declared that the five-shilling-piece was originally his, and that to identify it he had scratched a mark upon it. Later he had given it to Larimore in order to get change. The coin produced was the very one. In answer to Hawkins he said that the coin was given to the prosecutor in July, 1668, some year after the first trouble between the prisoner and Larimore, but it was stated that the prosecutor complained of losing that five-shilling-piece before the commencement of the tithe trouble.

Foiled on this point, Larimore, acting under the instructions of Sir John Croke, called a man named Chilton, and asked him to swear that on one occasion some year or so before Hawkins had stolen a pair of top-boots from him.

"He didn't steal them; he had paid for them," sturdily declared the witness. Then he told of the whole transaction. How the prisoner had brought him a pair of top-boots which wanted new feet put to them, and, having paid for them, was told that he would find them in the shop window as he was passing in the evening, and might take them, to save



HE CALLED OTHER MEMBERS OF THE PARTY IN.

"I never did so," replied the witness. The gaoler was then called, and definitely swore that Mayne had instructed him to load the prisoner with heavy irons and to watch him very narrowly. Several other unimportant witnesses were called before Margaret Larimore, who was once the servant but then the wife of the prosecutor. She did her best to further the case of her lord by swearing that on several occasions she had seen Hawkins lurking about round the house after dark.

Asked by the accused when this took place, she at first could not answer, but then bent down to her husband, who was engaged in prompting her, when the judge intervened and stopped them.

"Have you any more witnesses, Larimore?" asked Baron Hale.

"Yes, my lord, to prove that the crown and ring are mine," was the reply. Mr. Dodsworth Croke, son to the baronet, was then put into the box, and swore that the ring had once been his, and that he had pawned it to Larimore, and after him came a Mr. Good, a neighbouring parson, who, being a Puritan, hated Hawkins, who was able to collect much larger congregations than he could. This un-

the cobbler from waiting in the shop till he came. Astonished at this, the judge asked how it was that he had been asked to give evidence that the boots had been stolen, and was told that Messrs. Dodsworth, Croke, Larimore, Mayne, and others had forced him to come there and give evidence.

On this the judge demanded more evidence, and Chilton swore that Larimore and the others had commanded him to accuse Hawkins with felony on pain of being indicted by Sir John Croke as an accessory to the stealing of his own goods. More than that, the witness produced a man named Croxestone, who had been employed by the two Crokes and Larimore to bribe him with any sum between one and five hundred pounds to bear false witness against Hawkins. Croxestone would not deny that he had been so employed, nor that he had actually offered the money, but contented himself with remarking, "It cannot be proved against me."

This little side issue having failed, Larimore then put into the witness-box a man named Boyce, who said that he had seen Hawkins with his hand in the pocket of a man named Noble, when the latter was drunk and incapable. Later, Noble complained that he had lost a gold ring and a piece of gold from his pocket. This was supposed to have

taken place a couple of years previously. Asked where Noble was, the witness said that he was not in court, and could not be found that morning.

"You saw him do this and said nothing?" queried the judge.

"Yes," said the witness; "he was drunk."

"I think you were all drunk," was Sir R. Hale's comment.

Cross-examining this witness, and commenting on his evidence, the prisoner pointed out the evident malice which inspired Larimore, who, fearing that he might not win on the charge which he brought, had called into court a series of witnesses to prejudice the character of his opponent. He also showed that, even if the story of the boots had been accurate, still the tops of the boots were his own, and he had a perfect right to take them, and could only be indicted for trespass. As a matter of fact, he had paid for the articles before he took them away. The narrative of Boyce and the hand in Noble's pocket he stigmatised as too absurd for him to notice.

Larimore then called a couple of witnesses more, who



Hadn't the least intention of paying him.

strove to establish that the prisoner owed the prosecutor fifteen shillings, but the Chief Baron stopped them at once, saying that that was in no way material to the case. Then Larimore declared that he had finished with his indictment, and asked for a verdict of felony against the parson.

With the permission of the judge, Hawkins then began his defence, which he divided up into sections like a sermon. It was very, very long, and apparently most carefully thought out. First he showed that Larimore bore great malice against him, and proved the same by showing how he had attempted to injure him throughout the whole district in which he had to labour; then he went on to establish the theory that the prosecutor had not been robbed at all, for his accounts of the losses which he had sustained varied so widely in the trifling details of dates and places that really no reliance could be placed in them. But even supposing he had

been robbed, the prisoner urged that he was the last person likely to do such a thing. Was it probable that a vicar, known to everybody in the district, would commit robbery in broad daylight? Was it likely that the prosecutor, seeing a man despoiling his house, would tamely watch him and then let him go and say nothing till the following day? Was it probable that a man, having committed a robbery, and knowing that he was recognised, would have remained to await arrest? The whole of the facts as proved by the accuser's witnesses militated against the indictment, even if the indictment were true.

It was at this point that Baron Hale made the most dramatic discovery of the trial. Asking to see the search-warrant under which the prisoner's house was forced, he looked at it for a moment, and then called on Larimore to be put in the box again.

"What date have you sworn that this robbery took place?" he asked.

"On the 18th of September," was the reply.

"Then how comes it that this search-warrant is dated on the 17th of that month? Did you anticipate your premises being broken into and obtain the warrant in advance?" Larimore quailed.

"Thou art very cunning," continued the judge, "to be provided with a warrant a day before you were robbed. It seems that you knew on the 17th that you would be robbed on the 18th day, and also that this person should rob you. Surely you can divine!"

Then, turning to the prisoner, the Baron asked how it was that he opposed the entrance of the officers of justice. To this Hawkins replied that there was a warrant out against him, for as he had not had any money at all from his cure of souls he was naturally in monetary difficulties. Furthermore, Sir John Croke and Larimore had previously hired a boy to climb down his chimneys in order to open the doors, and the baronet had also threatened to pull the house about his ears. Fearing this, and seeing that the most active of his enemies were in the crowd which had assembled, he had refused to open the door. All these facts he proved by witnesses, and then the judge said that if he had been in his place he would have done just the same.

At this the judge turned and looked severely at Sir John Croke, who was sitting on the bench, and asked if that was the Sir John who was concerned in the matter; to which the prisoner replied that Sir John was at the bottom of the whole affair, and that if he had time he would make the whole concern clear to the court.

Continuing his defence, Hawkins called a man named Wilcox, who proved absolutely that he was at Larimore's house at the very time the alleged robbery took place, and the magistrate who granted the search-warrant swore that the prosecutor applied for it and got it on the 17th of the month, or a day before the crime took place.

After this the judge commented a little on the importance of these dates, and then Hawkins played his trump card. He called into the box one Samuel Brown. This witness said that he dare not speak. Asked why, he said that Sir John Croke had promised to ruin him if he even attended the assizes. Further commanded to speak and provided with a protection warrant, he detailed a conversation which he had overheard between the two Crokes and Larimore, in which the baronet laid down the whole of the scheme for ruining Parson Hawkins. Mayne was also implicated in the plot, because the squire threatened him with dismissal if he did not do what he was told and help him to get his creditor hanged. The party then went off and drank at the village inn. Later he overheard another conversation, and saw them drawing up notes of the way in which the plot should be worked in the library of the Manor House at Chilton. Sir John proposed that Larimore should get a search-warrant, declaring that he had been robbed, and then, when the house was entered, take his chance of secreting the articles in some part of it. This was the plan which was actually pursued.

While this very interesting evidence was being given Sir John Croke sneaked out of the court-room and fled hurriedly out of the county. The jury then declared that they had heard sufficient evidence, but the judge was not willing to charge them until he had made a few personal remarks. Asking whether Sir John was present—for he had not seen his flight—he told the jury that he had that morning received from the baronet two sugar-loaves, as a sort of bribe, and he had taken good care that they were instantly returned, but furthermore he was going to report this attempt on the part of a magistrate to bribe a judge as soon as he returned to London, when he hoped that the Commission of the Peace would be relieved of a man who so little understood justice.

That done, Baron Hale briefly reviewed the evidence, and said that there was not the least doubt that the whole of the prosecution was false, and that the testimony on behalf of the prisoner was true; however, it was his duty to review this evidence for the benefit of the jury, and if they had any difficulty in arriving at a verdict he would assist them. He then ran through the principal points which he have given, and asked the twelve good men to find a verdict.

As none of the jury moved, after a moment the clerk asked them if they were agreed as to their verdict, and unanimously they shouted, "We are! Not guilty!" However, the forms of law have to be respected, and they had to repeat their finding in the orthodox fashion.

Judge Hale then made some stringent remarks about Larimore, calling him a very devil, and about Croke, stamping him as a master devil. The whole of the witnesses for the prosecution were stigmatised as perjured and dishonourable men, and told that they were villains indeed, while Hawkins was upheld in everything which he had done.

The court then rose, and the parson went back to his vicarage, where he lived quietly for some thirty years, doing good to all his flock and beloved by those around him. He never had any further difficulty about collecting his tithes, for Croke and Larimore and their faction left the county, and all the other parishioners were willing enough to help to support their parson.

Croke died a bankrupt; his son succeeded him and died in penury, leaving no heir, so the name became extinct.

Thus ended a private conspiracy which nearly cost an innocent man his life, and which caused a tremendous stir at the time, being, in fact, almost as notorious in the seventeenth century as the Tichborne case was in the nineteenth.



Law in the Days of the Flood.

ONE of the most remarkable codes of law which have been given to mankind is that known as the "Decrees of Hammurabi," which has recently been discovered at Susa, one of the ancient capitals of Persia. King Hammurabi ruled over a vast tract of territory extending from the Levantine coast to the Shat-el-Arab River. He was the forerunner of Solon, and the originator of the laws of the Medes and Persians. Despising ordinary papyrus or parchment for writing his enactments on, he selected a huge block of greenstone, known to geologists as diorite, and on this the criminal code was inscribed. His little statute book is eight feet high and weighs about a ton—a size which was rather inconvenient for the primitive lawyers; but it had this advantage: only an edition of one was necessary, and that one was exposed to public view, so that the man in the street could find out what was the law without having to pay the archaic equivalent for six-and-eightpence. At another time we will give a digest of these wonderful laws, which the German Emperor considers to be the actual foundation of all legal enactments. Some of the curious penalties, however, we may mention here.

An inefficient doctor who caused the death of a patient was to have his hands cut off, so that he could not continue his experiments. A lady could be divorced from her husband if she actually hated him, always with the proviso that she was chaste. If she was not virtuous she was "cast upon the waters." What a time Mr. Justice Jeune would have if he were compelled to decide the measure of hate which a presumably virtuous dame bore against her husband! Burglars had a very short shrift under the beneficent rule of Hammurabi. "If one shall break into a house and be captured, then shall he be slain before the breach and buried in front thereof." The dwellings of the wealthy were thus surrounded by private cemeteries, where the Bill Sikeses of the period were interred. Jerry-builders were severely punished, as were swindlers, but the vials of the monarch's wrath were poured out most fully on "those who weave a spell or put a ban on any man." The unfortunate individuals accused of dabbling in witchcraft were cruelly tortured and then put to death. Assaults were punished on the "lex talionis" principle. If the prisoner knocked out his enemy's tooth, one of his own was promptly removed, while if the result of his imprudence or temper was a broken limb for his victim a corresponding member was shattered by way of retribution. Much more might be said of the strange pains and penalties ordered for the wrong-doer, but the indication which we have here given must suffice till we are able to enter fully into this most remarkable criminal code.

HYPNOTISM AND CRIME.

SINCE the eventful year of 1776, when Mesmer first gave to the astonished world the secret of obtaining influence over other people, right up to the present day, mesmerism, or, as we prefer to call it now, hypnotism, has been marked by the learned as a dangerous medium for the criminal. Indeed, a French Commission which was appointed in 1790 to inquire into the methods of the new scientists reported to the King that there was not the least doubt that an undue power could be exercised over a person, and recommended His Majesty to forbid the use of mesmerism in the interests of the State.

Hypnotism, which is really mesmerism divested of its embellishments of chicanery and mystery, is undoubtedly a dangerous weapon in the hands of an unscrupulous person. It will not be wasted time, therefore, if we consider how this wonderful power might be used for criminal purposes.

Professor Charcot, the greatest authority on hypnotism who has ever lived, and one of whose pupils the writer had the honour to be, devoted a considerable amount of attention to the animal side of the mysterious power. On one occasion he placed a gentle, quiet lady under the hypnotic influence, and while in that state suggested to her that she should stab a certain gentleman with a paste-board dagger which he placed on the table within her reach. As soon as the subject woke up she went straight for the dagger, seized it, and rushed at the elderly physician whom she had been told to kill. The victim dropped on the ground, feigning death, and the lady replaced the dagger on the table, remarking casually that "He is an old villain and deserved to die!" this being said of a man whom she had never seen before. This experiment was repeated with several mediums, but, as Dr. Charcot found that the hypnotic subject, after the pretended act of violence, had a nasty habit of hovering round the victim, even when assured that he was in no way hurt, he thought it advisable to discontinue his researches in that direction.

However, to see if poison could be administered while controlled by the hypnotiser, he ordered one of his mediums to offer a glass of pure water, which, he told her, contained deadly poison, to the prospective victim when she woke up. The lady, when aroused from her trance, looked round the room, spotted her victim, and, taking up the glass, offered it to him, with the remark that it was a very hot day, and a drink might be acceptable. At that point the professor thought it fit to stop the experiments.

The most dangerous part of the use of hypnotism is that it need not of necessity cause an immediate action, but the influence once given when in the hypnotic state it may be acted on many weeks afterwards, thus enabling the real criminal to abscond. Beaunis demonstrated to the Société de Psychologie Physiologique that he had hypnotised a young lady on July 14, and told her that she would see him enter her room on the following New Year's Day to wish her every happiness in the coming year. When aroused from her trance she, of course, was perfectly oblivious of anything that had been said to her, but on the afternoon of January 1 she came round to thank Dr. Beaunis for visiting her early in the morning. The doctor had never left his own house.

Professor Richet also relates a similar experiment. He ordered a medium to visit him on a certain day, many weeks after he had hypnotised her. Then he awoke her and let her go. At the appointed time she came to his house and remarked, "I do not know why I came. The weather is horrible, and I had visitors. I had to run to get here in time, and I cannot stay. I must get back in a few minutes. It is absurd, since I do not know why I came."

Now, it is obvious to the least thinking individual that, if the will of a second person can be so controlled by the hypnotiser, crime perpetrated by means of an innocent victim is perfectly possible. The subject has absolutely no power to resist the orders of the experimenter, nor does he know that an influence is being exercised over him. He is a blind tool in the hands of his master.

An unscrupulous person might well suggest to one of his mediums to murder a certain person and to another to give evidence connecting the first medium with the crime. The possibilities of this mysterious power are enormous, and should be exercised only by thoroughly trustworthy men. In the interests of public safety it would be well if qualified and licensed doctors were alone permitted to exercise the art, and only then under great restrictions.

Maria Flower.

THE STORY OF A
MEEK AND MILD MURDER.

"Discard the dagger and forsake the knife,
Behold more subtle means for taking life;
Touch not your victim, but with intellect
Your weapon, be assiduous in neglect;
Invoke starvation's aid, and let the rain
Ease her of drouth, and let each petty pain
The mind can conjure up, be hers; then feast
Your eyes on her slow death, you'll find at least
In this a new diversion, and a sport
That's merry, wondrous merry—of a sort!"
—ANON. "A MURDERER'S MAXIMS."



THIS is not the history of a sudden crime committed on a momentary impulse; it records no act of harsh, unpremeditated violence; it contains no "horrid stabbings in the night," no bludgeoning of the brains, no account of the prisoner's craft; it is, in fact, the true and faithful narrative of a bloodless crime, the chronicle of a mild murder, if such a contradiction in terms may be used, and, as such, it should have an unusual interest. Such crimes, we believe, are far more common than the throat-slitting variety, although the former, from their secret and insidious nature, are generally less notorious, frequently escaping detection altogether; they are, for this reason, and for others, the

deadlier specimens of the criminal's art.

There is no more inhuman villain under the sun than the "mild" murderer; your cut-throat is a prince in comparison, and your poisoner a gentleman of kindly benevolence, for the assassin with the "meek" methods ekes out the act of crime to periods of incalculable length, the while he feasts his ghoulis eyes upon his slow, sure work.

His coward hand dare not strike the blow that would deliver his victim from torture, but hangs in limp impotence, while the carefully nurtured serpents of disease, neglect, and want eat with their leprous tongues into the vitals of the unfortunate individual doomed to die a wasting, soul-appalling death.

In the present case, Mammon was the evil spirit who spurred the murderous instinct into action. Mammon, that evil nioloch whose iron feet have crushed so many hearts, so many valiant spirits, whose hands are ever red with human blood, whose chalice is ever brimming with a briny potion of human tears; Mammon, accursed destroyer of happiness and the natural inclinations of the children of earth, the ensuing history makes but one brief page in a book of deeds too black to chronicle.

At one time there was no happier girl in England than our heroine. Pretty, living in comparatively easy circumstances, with affectionate parents, without a care or a thought that was born of sighs, her youth was indeed blissful and contented. Unfortunately, she became acquainted with a young man named Jonathan Flower. He was a man who lived in a decidedly lower strata than herself, but he was also remarkably handsome.

Maria—the heroine of this story—at first treated him with amiable condescension. She was not of a proud disposition, and considered Jonathan an agreeable enough fellow, so to a certain extent she unbent her usual hauteur, and regarded the young man with complacent familiarity. Jonathan, as we have said, was handsome; he was of the medium height,

with fair-coloured hair and light blue eyes; he had a smooth face and an engaging manner, a quality which stood him in good stead with Maria.

The latter's relations noticed the growing intimacy between the two young people with consternation. At first they had been inclined to accept it as one of Maria's pardonable diversions, but as the friendship ripened, they began to regard the evident attachment with feelings of ill-disguised dismay.

To marry such a man would be disastrous to Maria, they reflected; he was not in a position to keep their child in the position she had been accustomed to, and had he been so, Jonathan would never have been their ideal of their daughter's husband.

The two old people cordially detested Jonathan. They had plotted and schemed for Maria's happiness, and here was this common person intent on spoiling all their handiwork; they had reared up their only child with every care and possible tenderness, in an atmosphere of rose leaves and honey, and now this low-born stranger was threatening to snatch her from her home to carry her to penury and manifold misfortunes.

No wonder Maria's parents detested Jonathan.

They remonstrated with the girl over her evident attachment for him, representing to her the dangerous possibilities of such a marriage. But to all these remonstrances Maria only replied by laughing lightly, and vowing she had no other thought than friendship in her head.

As for love, she declared she knew nothing about it, but for all that her mother remained unquieted. She remembered her own youth, and was disposed to accept Maria's declaration as a pious falsehood, and that it was such, after events go far to prove.

The two young people met on every possible occasion in public and in private; the neighbours began to talk, and Jonathan began to write letters to his mother, who lived in a distant part of the north country.

We will give a specimen of his correspondence:

"Dearest Mother,—Bless your shrivelled old bones! I think I've hooked it this time. Such a wise young thing, too, as pretty as a May day, also the oof bird, which I hopes to set humming. I'm going to bring her home to you, a lawfully-wedded woman with money in the bank, and don't you forget it. Hoping you will find in your amiable old heart to be a mother to Maria, which, knowing your fond and foolish nature as I do, I knows you will, I begs to remain,

"Your devoted son,

"JONATHAN, in luck."

From this letter it will easily be seen that Mr. Flower was not the most desirable person in the world for a girl, so tenderly nurtured as Maria, to link her life with in indissoluble bonds of marriage. From old Mrs. Flower's reply to the above communication we shall also be able to glean some information as to her character.

"My darling Johnny,—What a clever boy it is, to be sure; clever ain't the word, though—it's genius, that's what it is. How it does take after its poor old mother. Of course I'll be a mother to the little beauty. Make the 'oof bird sing, Johnny, make it sing; otherwise I can't bear girls, no matter how handsome they be. Darn their looks, I say, and give me the shiners.

"The Lord bless its soul is the wish of its fond and loving mother,

"CATHERINE FLOWER (blooming)."

Truly an amiable pair, this mother and son, but into whose hands we should hardly entrust the care of any one dear or near to us.

Jonathan, primed with his parent's approval and admiration, prosecuted his suit with Maria with further vigour.

At last came the confession of love. Jonathan vowed, in glowing terms of passionate ardour, that he had lost his heart to Maria, and asked the girl in exchange to give him her hand.

At first she refused; he implored, she relented; he redoubled his persuasion, and she consented.

She threw herself into his arms, and burst into tears of joy, feeling the intense happiness of one who is bestowing a priceless gift upon a favoured suppliant.

She clung to him with all the confiding love of her young heart.

"You will be good to me, my love?" she whispered. "I know nothing of the world, I have lived with mother at home

all my life. 'You will take care of me, and see that no harm comes to me, won't you, love?'

Poor pleading child! how little she knew of the monster into whose hands she was entrusting her being, how she dreamt of the future that held in store for her such abundance of sorrow and misfortune.

"Care for you, darling! look after you, my own!" cried Jonathan. "Believe me, love, the one thought of my life shall be to cherish and guard you." Then he ran to his lodgings and scribbled a note to his mother, which was brief and to the point. It ran thus:

"Hooked the little fish, mama. All serene and lively."

This somewhat enigmatic communication had such a stimulating effect upon old Mrs. Flower, anxiously waiting in her northern cottage for news from Jonathan, that she felt at liberty to invest forthwith in a bottle of gin.

She sang songs that night, and got hopelessly drunk, and when one of the neighbours remonstrated with her in the morning, she laughed merrily in her friend's face.

"We shall have as much gin as we like, we shall. Ain't



At last the door was thrown open.

my son a comin' home with a beautiful bride? Ain't she got lots o' money, the pretty dear? Ho, ho! this is a day of glory!"

Of course Maria's parents opposed the idea of the marriage uncompromisingly, but Jonathan pleaded, and Maria pleaded with her lips, her eyes, and her tears, that were more eloquent than all.

The girl swore that she would never be happy again if she were to lose Jonathan, and Jonathan swore that if he were to lose Maria he should at once seek a violent death, and still the old people were obdurate, and refused to give their consent.

Then Flower determined to take the law into his own hands, so he suggested to Mary that they should elope, get married quietly and secretly, and not let her parents know until the deed was accomplished. The girl was at first afraid, but she afterwards yielded to her "lover's" persuasions, and consented to the plan. So one day the foolish girl left her mother's house, on the pretence of transacting

some shopping, and in secret was married to Jonathan Flower. As soon as they left the registrar's office, they forthwith prepared to journey to the "snug little cottage" where Jonathan's mother was expecting them.

Timid, a little frightened, and very much excited, Maria sat through the long railroad journey, her hand slipped between her husband's, and her fair head drooping on his shoulder. What a day this was for her, the first of a new life, the last of old associations and ties of kindred and home!

She had contracted fresh ties, and was now journeying to a new home.

Home! She wondered what the new home would be like. "A snug little cottage," she had heard it described, and mentally pictured to herself a quaint, ivy-covered, rose-clambering cottage, redolent of old-world charm, peace, and tranquility.

And Jonathan's mother, what would she be like? Maria wondered. Oh, an old lady with curled silvery ringlets, surmounted by a white cap, and a benevolent manner; full of grace, and inspiring trust and sympathy at a glance.

Maria had fallen quite in love with the old lady of her dreams by the time she and Jonathan had arrived at their destination.

They had a considerable way to travel from the railway station to the cottage, and Jonathan chartered a fly to drive them. The night was cold and bleak, and the country bare, and unpropitious of floral decorations.

Presently they drew up at a small, white house, before which was a thin strip of uncultivated garden, wherein two or three fowls ran about. At the front of the cottage was a door and four windows, one of the latter was broken, and some rags had been temporarily stuffed into the aperture. The exterior of this dwelling was very dirty, the walls were cracked and blistered, there were no lights in the windows, and the only sign of human habitation was a little smoke issuing from one of the remaining chimneys.

This was the rustic, rose-covered, cottage of Maria's dreams.

Jonathan sprang out of the trap and knocked loudly at the door. He got no answer, so knocked again, and at last the door was thrown open, and an old woman hobbled out. She had originally been very tall, but stooped now considerably; she was thin, with big bones sticking out under a sparse covering, shrivelled yellow skin. Her face was seamed with wrinkles, she had few teeth, a little grey, wispy hair, and bleared, blood-shot eyes.

She shuffled forward in a pair of bedroom slippers, clad in a much stained gown, very short and ragged, and a greasy shawl half enveloped her head.

This was the sweet-faced, benevolent old lady of Maria's dreams!

"What, is it my son come home again?" squeaked out the old crone in a harsh, unpleasant treble. "And a wife with him? Deary, deary! to think that I should live to see this happy day!"

"It is a happy day, I'm sure," said Jonathan, kissing his mother dutifully on the cheek. "This is Maria, my wife, mother."

"Lor, how pretty she be! What a darling! what an angel! Kiss me, my dear, kiss me," cried old Mrs. Flower, peering into the frightened girl's eyes, and leering horribly in an attempt to smile sweetly.

Maria allowed herself to be kissed by those gin-savoured lips, and caressed by those bony arms, and stroked by those dirty hands. Reality, terrible reality, had rushed upon her with such suddenness that she was dazed, and incapable of action, and docile to any wish that was expressed to her.

A man, employed for that purpose, led away the horse and trap, and Maria, in the company of her husband and her newly-discovered mother-in-law, went into the house. If the exterior of the dwelling was discreditable, the interior was disreputable. It was sparsely furnished with dilapidated, broken furniture, everything was in disorder and disuse; a few warm coals smouldered in a large, rusty grate, a lamp with a cracked glass spluttered on a table, upon which also was a jug, some glasses, and a bottle of gin.

"It's not what I'd like to bring you to, Maria," said Jonathan insinuatingly, "but—"

"Oh, don't talk like that," answered Maria, trying to smile bravely, but nevertheless tears came into her eyes.

They had supper, with a newspaper for a tablecloth, and ate tripe and onions off cracked crockery, and drank gin and water out of cups. Then old Mrs. Flower took from a pocket a short black clay pipe, and filling it with tobacco—which she carried in a screw of paper tucked away in her bosom—began to smoke. When the newly-married couple

retired to rest, they left her half drunk before the fire, weeping over old griefs, and crooning snatches of long-forgotten songs in a wailing voice that was, like most things in this house, cracked.

And this was the start of Maria's honeymoon!

The Flowers speedily informed her parents of what had happened, and, pleading poverty, requested money. The old people, willing to do anything for their unfortunate child's happiness, advanced a considerable sum to the precious pair.

For two years the Flowers persistently and successfully bled Maria's parents, and then her father died. Funds were not obtained so easily now, but still Jonathan and his mother managed to extract a good deal of ready cash from Maria's sole remaining relative. The girl herself had completely changed. She was thoroughly cowed, and frightened of old Mrs. Flower, who was on occasions capable of extraordinary violence, and who was roused easily to wrath; besides, the girl was now constantly engaged on all sorts of housework.

She crept down to her son who was sitting in the kitchen. "Sonny," said she, "I found Maria upstairs a-snivelling her eyes out. What do you think the gal says?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," replied Jonathan, who was cracking nuts and throwing the shells into the fireplace.

"She says as how her mother didn't leave no money. All gone before."

Mrs. Flower peered anxiously into her son's face, fearing to find there a confirmation of his wife's statement.

"Can't be true, my old darling," said Jonathan; "can't possibly be true. Have a nut?"

Mrs. Flower felt so reassured that she leant forward and attempted to kiss her son, but he only boxed her ears, and she fell into a corner crying to herself that "he no longer loved her."

Jonathan went away the next day to investigate the financial affairs of Maria's mother.

He came back in the evening with a face like a thunder-



TAUNTING HER VICTIM TO TRY AND OBTAIN THE VICTUALS.

She laboured incessantly, and had no time for dreams, or even for regrets; the tears she had shed on awakening to her true position, and Jonathan's true worth, were long ago dried; now she was but a quiet, harassed woman, with many cares, and a soul that had gone to sleep.

Then her mother died suddenly. A little of her old self was rearoused to life by the grief consequent upon this calamity; she sought the seclusion of her room and burst into tears.

"Oh, mother, mother," she sobbed, "I was disobedient, I wronged you; forgive me now, for I am very unhappy."

Old Mrs. Flower, hearing the sound of weeping, rushed in upon her, and snatched her hands from her face.

"Crying! What for?" she squealed. "I won't have no crying or slobbering in my house. Ain't you got a pile o' money left you? What cause have you got to cry, I should like to know? Ain't you satisfied with the rhino?"

Maria looked at her with trembling eyes.

"I don't know what you mean," she said. "My mother can have had no money to leave. We had it all before she died."

The ancient crone reeled against the wall and gasped for breath.

"What's the girl talking about?" she said. "No money! no beautiful brass! Oh, my Gawd! she must be mad!"

cloud. Maria was out doing some late marketing, and he was greeted by the amiable old Mrs. Flower alone.

She gave a start when she saw her son's face. He pushed past her, threw off his coat and hat, and, throwing himself into a chair, thrust his hands into his pockets and began to whistle.

"What's the matter, sonny?" cried his mother excitedly. "Don't say there ain't no money! Don't say that!"

"Not a stiver! not a blooming stiver!"

The old woman gave a hoarse shriek, and tumbled on to a rickety couch. They sat in silence thus for some time, when they were suddenly startled by a loud knocking at the outer door.

"Who's that?" said Jonathan.

"Why, Maria, of course—curse her! How she do knock."

"I'll go," remarked the son, rising and opening the door.

Four men stood outside, carrying something that looked like a human body on a stretcher.

"Your wife, I'm sorry to say, Mr. Flower," said the spokesman of the party, "has suffered a severe accident. She has had a stroke."

"Oh, heavens! oh, heavens!" cried the old woman, rushing out from the kitchen. "What's the meaning of all this? Don't say you've done something wrong, sonny, and that they're goin' to take you! Don't say it!"

"Nonsense, mother! don't be a fool! Maria's had a stroke, that's all."

They brought the afflicted woman in and laid her on a bed, groaning and sobbing bitterly, and then someone went for a doctor. In due course the medical man arrived and inspected his patient. He looked very grave, and, on leaving the house, told Jonathan that his wife had had a severe paralytic stroke, that he had little hope of her recovery, and that she would probably be a cripple for the rest of her days.

"What does it mean, sonny? what does it mean?" plaintively inquired old Mrs. Flower when the doctor had gone.

"What does it mean, mother?" replied her son, in a hoarse voice. "It means that Maria's always going to be a useless cripple, that she won't be able to work, that we shall have to work for her, and feed her, and clothe her, that's what it means."

For a time Mrs. Flower was so struck by the stupendous calamity that had befallen her house, that she was deprived of speech.

Presently, however, she recovered utterance, and burst into a foul-mouthed diatribe against the unfortunate Maria. She paced from room to room, cursing the unhappy girl with every expletive her tongue was familiar with, and Maria, awakening from a slight doze, found her mother-in-law standing over her, howling words of hate and loathing into her ears, and shaking a skinny fist in her face.

The old woman was dragged away after a fierce struggle by her son, to seek what consolation she could find in gin and a clay pipe.

And now the Flowers began to slowly murder Maria, without violence or any extraneous aid. She was a burden to them, she had no longer any relations ready to constantly reimburse the always empty purses of her husband and mother-in-law; she could no longer work and share the household toil, she was useless, a piece of furniture that had served its turn and was now worth no better fate than dismemberment for firewood.

Besides which the Flower family began to scent fresh game for their plucking. This came in the shape of a young widow, whose name there is no occasion to divulge, who showed a decided inclination for Jonathan's society. She was possessed of some small fortune, upon which the greedy eyes of Jonathan and his mother were constantly fixed, and under these circumstances it is easy to understand that their plan was to get rid of Maria as soon as possible, and marry the widow to the widower.

Neither of them—certainly not the son—possessed the necessary brute courage to take Maria's life by an act of open violence, so they determined to starve her to death, and to help her on her way to eternity by cold, privation, neglect, and systematic persecution.

"She can't sleep where she is, sonny," said the mother. "Lord ha' mercy, she'd live to be a Methuselah in that bed. We must bring her down stairs."

Accordingly, Maria, weak and suffering, was dragged rather than carried downstairs. There she was placed upon an old iron bedstead, long disused, of which only the broken framework was left. There were no laths or cross pieces to support the mattress, so old Mrs. Flower piled up a heap of staves in the centre of the framework, and the mattress was thrown upon that.

Of bedding Maria had none. She was given an old, torn blanket, some straw, and a newspaper, with which to cover herself. A window with a pane of glass knocked out of it was just above her head, through which the wind, and sometimes the rain, rushed into the room.

"I am so cold—oh, so cold," she constantly complained.

"Cold! What rights has such as you to be cold, drat you?" old Mrs. Flower would answer, shaking her fist.

At night the position of the wretched woman was terrible. The rain would sometimes beat upon her bare shoulders, her bones ached, and she suffered the tortures of hunger and a burning thirst.

She would cry out and plead at times for a little water, or a crust of bread, but she was allowed no food during the night, and the only response her words elicited was, the scampering away of the rats that infested the room.

During the day she was fed with a few stale scraps of bread and bacon, and an occasional glass of dirty water. The water was always dirty—old Mrs. Flower saw to that—and here let it be remarked that, while Jonathan's thought was to kill Maria as soon as possible, his worthy mother took an artistic, we might almost say æsthetic, delight in the process of killing.

She found great joy in placing a plate of food just out

of the miserable creature's reach, when she would sit for hours chuckling, and taunting her victim to try and obtain the victuals.

The ravenous hunger that tortured the wretched woman sometimes impelled her to attempt reaching the plate, and in this she always failed, falling on to the floor generally in a tumbled heap of aching bones.

On these occasions her mother-in-law would go into frenzies of delight.

"Oh, ho! that's good!" she would cry. "Another such a fall and your a dead 'un."

Then she would seize her victim, shake her roughly, and throw her back into bed, when she would tell her to try again to accomplish the impossible task.

Often she would sit and rail at Maria for not dying sooner.

"Why don't you die, drat you? What's the blessed good of you? Why don't you die?"

"I shall die soon."

"So you've said these three months. Hurry up, I say. Jonathan wants to get married, poor dear! You're no wife to him. You're nothing, you are. Hurry up and die, my beauty."

Maria's last days soon came. She was given less and less food daily, until for three days she was actually starved.

Then her brain began to go. She thought herself a princess seated on a throne, entertaining her courtiers, and this amused old Mrs. Flower immensely.

At intervals she would cease her wild ravings, and implore them to give her a drop of water, but this was always refused.

What a terrible picture! The young woman wasted into the likeness of a skeleton, huddled in a miserable heap amongst dirty straw, her hair matted and tangled, hanging about her bare shoulders, the blades of which threatened every minute to pierce through their thin veil of skin; her cheeks emaciated, and her hollow eyes lit up with the fire of madness.

And this was once the girl so beautiful and happy, without a care or a single sigh-born thought!

On the last day Jonathan peeled an orange and gave it to her.

"It won't stop her dying," he said to his mother.

"It won't; but you're a fool for all that," she replied.

The life went out of Maria very quietly; and long before old Mrs. Flower had ceased cursing her, and asking her how long she intended to live, the breath had gone out of her body, and her spirit had fled to other, and, let us hope, happier realms.

When she was dead, the neighbours, who had long murmured and grumbled, raised a hubbub, and on all sides cries of execration rose against the mother and her precious son. However, he took no notice of this, but forthwith proposed to the widow, and was forthwith accepted.

It was decided that the wedding should take place at once, and Jonathan, attired in his best, with old Mrs. Flower, clad in lavender silk for the occasion, were just setting out for the ceremony when they were arrested for manslaughter.

They were each sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, so the widow was disappointed, but she soon consoled herself with another spouse.

Had either of the Flowers in a fit of ungovernable rage struck a fellow human being fatally, he or she would have been hanged, but as they conceived an elaborate mode of torturing their victim before they slew her, their lives were spared. However, the mother soon afterwards died in the seclusion of an English gaol, and we follow her no further, being unused to sultry and oppressive climates.



A GENTLEMAN, who had returned from India, inquiring of a person respecting their acquaintance, who had been hanged since he had left England, was told he was dead. "And did he continue in the grocery line?" asked the former. "Oh, no," replied the other; "he was quite in a different line when he died."

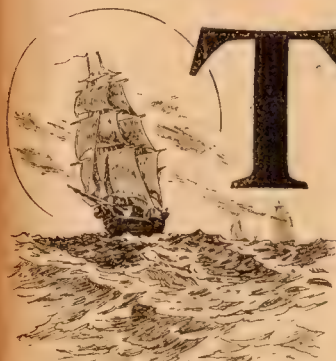
A Murderer's Benefit.

POSSIBLY the most extraordinary use to which the theatrical stage has ever been put took place in Rome in the year 1887. It was nothing less than holding a benefit performance for one Augusto Zimelli, who had been condemned to twenty years' penal servitude a few days previously. The convict was charged with killing his wife, and the populace of the Eternal City believed him to be innocent, so the Victor Emmanuel Theatre was hired and a substantial sum realised from the performance. The money was used to ameliorate the prisoner's lot in the "bagnios."

Cut Down and Coffined.

THE EXTRAORDINARY STORY OF
JOHN KEMP, THE YOUNG SAILMAKER.

"To be hanged by the neck until dead!
O God, that such things should be!
To be hanged by the neck till the spirit has fled
To an awful eternity!" —OSGILVIE.



THESE are many tales, more or less true, some of them well authenticated, and others resting on the slenderest basis of veracity, concerning men who have been executed and afterwards resuscitated, but few possess greater interest than that of John Kemp, the young sail-maker of Deal. There can be little doubt that the narrative in the course of years has been tampered with by the yarn-spinners of the fo'c'sle, who,

to suit their listeners, have elaborated or modified it according to their lights; nevertheless, the story has a firm substratum of truth about it, and, stripped of all extraneous matter, it runs something like this:

In the year 1723, a young man, named Jack Kemp (or Kent, as he is sometimes called), was serving his apprenticeship to a master sail-maker in London. He belonged to the neighbourhood of the good old seafaring town of Deal, famous for its pilots from time immemorial. His mother lived a few miles beyond the ancient port, and was in fairly comfortable circumstances.

As Christmastide approached Jack got leave from his master to spend his holidays at his old home; so, packing a few things together in a handkerchief, and taking a stout cudgel in his hand—for there was more than a suspicion of footpads by the way—the lad set out with a light heart to trudge the seventy miles or so that lay between London and his mother's house. It was a long tramp, but Jack accomplished it safely until he reached the town of Deal, so near to his destination. The night was cold, and Jack was sorely fatigued. He was also troubled with a touch of dysentery, which had attacked him during his march. In this plight he bethought him of a friend of his mother's, who kept a public-house hard by, and to her hostelry he dragged his weary feet, intent upon obtaining a night's lodging. Unfortunately for the youth, as it turned out, the house was full, and every bed occupied. With a heavy sigh Jack turned to go, but the landlady, seeing that he was really ill and almost ready to drop from fatigue, took compassion upon him, and told him if he cared to sleep with her uncle, who had lately come ashore, and was boatswain of an Indiaman, he should be welcome. Glad of any pillow whereon he might rest his head, Jack accepted the kindly offer, and, after a hearty supper with his new comrade, the two retired to their room.

In the middle of the night the lad was attacked with his complaint, and, wakening his bed-fellow, asked him the way to the garden, as lavatories had not come into vogue at that period. The boatswain told him to go through the kitchen, but, as he would find it difficult to open the door into the yard, the latch being out of order, he had better take the sailer's knife he would find in his (the boatswain's) pocket, with which he could raise the refractory latch.

Jack did as he was directed, and all went well. Nearly

half-an-hour elapsed before the youth again sought his bed, and he was then much surprised to find his companion had risen and gone. Being exceedingly cold, however, after his long sojourn in the garden in a half-clad condition, he again tumbled into bed and tried to go to sleep. It was useless, however; the cold seemed to have penetrated to his marrow, and, after shivering for a while, he, too, got up and dressed. Being impatient to visit his mother and friends, he stole quietly from the house without waking anyone, and pursued his journey, arriving at home about noon. The landlady, who had been told of his intention to depart early, was not surprised; but, seeing nothing of her uncle in the morning, she went to call him. Judge of her surprise when she found the bed empty, and all bedabbled with blood. In consternation and alarm, she called the whole household, and search was made for her uncle everywhere, but all in vain.

The town authorities were communicated with, and a tremendous hue and cry was raised over the missing boatswain. An intelligent officer, more keen-sighted than the others, at last discovered bloodstains leading from the bedroom to the street, and then traced them at intervals from the house to the pier-head. In the estimation of the townsfolk there could be but one solution to this mystery. Rumour was busy, and suspicion, of course, immediately fell upon poor Jack Kemp.

The bed was stained with blood; there were blood-marks from the door of the house to the pier-head. What could be more clear than the fact that the young man had murdered his bed-fellow, carried the body to the pier, and there thrown it over into the sea? A warrant was issued against him, and he was taken that evening at his mother's house.

On his being examined and searched, marks of blood were discovered on his shirt and trousers, and in his pocket were a knife and a remarkable silver coin, both of which the landlady swore positively were her uncle's property, and that she saw them in his possession on the evening he retired to rest with the prisoner. Things were looking very black indeed for young Jack Kemp!

No body had been found, it must be remembered. The blood-stains, the knife, and the coin were the only circumstances against him. Yet—will it be believed?—on these evidences alone Jack Kemp was tried, found guilty, and condemned to die.

He related all the above particulars in his defence, but as he could not account for the marks of blood on his person, unless that he got them when he returned to the bed, nor for the silver coin being in his possession, his story was not credited. The certainty of the boatswain's disappearance and the blood at the pier, traced from his bedroom, were supposed to be too conclusive signs of his being murdered; and even the judge was so convinced that he ordered the execution to take place within three days. They were more prompt nearly a couple of hundred years ago, and condemned criminals were given short shrift. At the fatal tree the youth declared his innocence, and persisted in it with such affecting asseverations that many pitied him, though none doubted the justice of his sentence. And now comes the most singular portion of "this strange, eventful history."

The executioners of those days were not so expert at their trade as modern ones, nor were drops and platforms invented. Jack Kemp was a very tall young man, and as he swung from the gallows his feet sometimes touched the ground. Some of his friends, too, who surrounded the old-fashioned ladder, contrived to give the body a little support as it swayed slowly at the end of the rope. After being suspended the regulation time, the supposed corpse was cut down, and those same friends bore it away in a coffin with all speed. In the course of a few hours animation was restored, and Jack Kemp, the innocent, was saved.

When he was able to move his friends insisted on his leaving the country and never returning, lest the law might take it into its head to repeat the hanging process with more success. Jack accordingly travelled by night to Portsmouth, where he entered on board a man-of-war on the point of sailing for a distant part of the world; and as he changed his name and disguised his person, his melancholy story, except for an extraordinary coincidence, might never have become known.

Jack proved a most excellent seaman, and after a few years of service, during which his exemplary conduct was the cause of his promotion through the lower grades, he was at last made a master's mate. His ship being paid off in the West Indies, he and a few more of the crew were transferred to another man-of-war, which had just arrived short of hands from a different station. What were his feeling of astonishment, and then of delight and ecstasy, when almost the first man he saw on board his new ship was the identical boat-

swain for whose murder he had been tried, condemned, and executed five years before!

It can easily be imagined that Jack had a very strange yarn to spin to the old salt that afternoon. The boatswain sat with ears, mouth, and eyes wide open, listening to the story, and drinking in every word with the most supreme amazement.

An explanation of all the mysterious circumstances then took place, and very simple they were, as mysterious circumstances generally prove to be when the explanation comes.

It appeared that the boatswain had been bled, for a pain in the side by the barber (blood-letting being then the panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to, and the barber-chirurgion still being a wielder of the lancet, as in more ancient times), unknown to his niece, on the day of Jack Kemp's arrival at Deal, and that when the young man wakened him, and

it stuck in the cleft by the blade of the knife, and in this manner became the strongest proof against him.

On their return to England, the man who was hanged for murder and his victim appeared together before the judge who tried the case, to his unutterable confusion, and gave a full explanation of all the facts that have been here related.

After such a lapse of time it was with great difficulty that the jury were communicated with, their surprise and consternation being even greater than that of the judge.

The law making it compulsory for a body to be produced before a coroner's inquest can be held thereon, and also enacting that no man can be tried for murder unless the corpse be so produced, was soon after passed.

As has been said, there are many garbled versions of this story extant, but we sincerely believe this to be the true one, since the source it has been taken from is one that the writer,



A PRESS-GANG LAID HOLD OF HIM.

retired to the yard, he found the bandage had come off his arm during the night, and that the blood was flowing afresh. Being alarmed, he rose to go to the barber, who lived across the street, but a press-gang laid hold of him just as he left the public-house. He protested very strongly against the rough handling that he received, and also begged to be allowed to have his wound redressed, but all to no purpose, for they hurried him to the pier where their boat was waiting.

The struggle was there renewed, but the man being now exhausted from loss of blood and the number of his captors being strengthened, it was an easy matter to convey him on board the frigate then on the point of sailing for the East Indies.

The boatswain soon recovered his health, and, being a very smart sailor, it was not long before he became a great favourite on the ship, where he soon forgot the incident at the hostelry; moreover, his knowledge of penmanship being very small, and the facilities for posting in those days not having reached the perfection we now enjoy, he omitted writing home to account for his sudden disappearance.

Thus were the chief circumstances explained by the two friends so strangely met, but a satisfactory solution of the mystery of the silver coin could only be arrived at by conjecture; nevertheless, when they laid their heads together, they hit upon a probability which was almost a certainty. When Jack took the knife out of the boatswain's pocket in the dark, the likelihood was that, as the coin was in the same pocket,

together with most English authors, has the utmost confidence in.

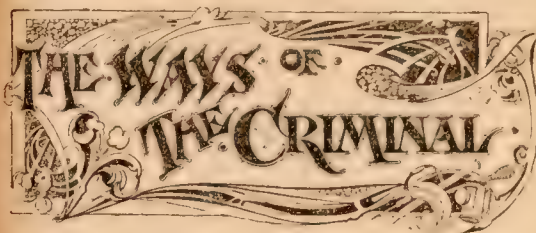
We remember many years ago in the far north of Scotland, on a lovely moonlight night, wandering with a weather-beaten old coastguardman along the crags which bind in the southern shore of the Moray Firth. Far below the glittering sea rolled in with a hollow boom among the yawning caves. We filled our pipes—the writer was a young smoker then—and sat ourselves down upon a great lump of upheaved granwacke. As we sat the old salt poured into our youthful ears the story of John Kent, as he called the hero. Regardless of anachronisms, he related the tale as one having a personal knowledge of the affair.

A day or two afterwards we were ransacking the shelves of an excellent library, and in a well-known periodical of the late thirties and early forties of the last century we came across the very story that the old liar had been priming us with as we smoked our pipes on the big lump of granwacke. We carefully turned down the leaf at the commencement of the yarn, and we took it round that afternoon to the coast-guard station. Truthful James was there, seated on the carriage of an old Crimean gun.

"Here, my friend," we said, "you will find some interesting reading at the page which has been turned down."

The old fellow adjusted his spectacles and spelt through the story, while we lit a cigar.

"Cur'ous, ain't it?" he muttered as he returned the publication; "Jack must ha' writ the tale hisself."



VI.—PICKPOCKETS AND HOW THEY SECURE THEIR PLUNDER.

OMNIBUSES, too, afford pickpockets plenty of opportunities for pursuing their nefarious occupation. Within the last two or three years most of the 'buses in London have had backs fitted to the garden-seats, but before this was done thieves had a royal time. The method is shown in one of our illustrations. Inside the vehicle, more particularly if it is well filled, the passengers are sitting close together, a pickpocket can work without fear of detection. A conductor on one of the London General Company's vehicles, however, was much too smart for one of these gentry.

The pickpocket, who was convicted and sentenced to twenty-one months' hard labour at the Clerkenwell Sessions in the week before Easter, was both astonished and indignant when he heard the conductor's evidence. The latter said that prisoner and another man had travelled many times on his 'bus, and complaints always followed their patronage. In February they "come it so thick," he said, that he determined to keep a record of their visits to his vehicle. These were the entries in his diary:

February 5.—Got on Tottenham Court Road and left at Chancery Lane. Followed an old lady, but she did them by sitting up in the corner, so that her pocket could not be reached.

February 6.—Came on Cheapside. Saw there was no chance, as the ladies held their purses in their hands, and dodged out without paying his fare.

February 9.—Chancery Lane to Royal Music Hall. As he commenced operations the lady said, "Stop! I want to get out!" and he was done.

March 5.—Rode from Bank to Cheapside. The lady got out before he could set to work, so he was foiled again.

March 16.—Caught red-handed!

The conductor added that the capture was brought about



The omnibus thief.

after a consultation with fellow employees, with whom notes were compared.

The conductor's diary clearly shows that thieving in omnibuses is a profitable occupation.

Some years ago London 'buses and trams were frequented

by a thief who, in order to further secure his safety, used a device similar to that described in the article on shoplifting. Looking at him, you would have imagined him to be the least suspicious person in the 'bus. His gloved hands rested on his knees in full view of everyone, and no one (until the police dropped on him) suspected that one of the arms thus conspicuously displayed was a "dummy," and that the real hand was dipping into his neighbour's pockets. Such was the case, however.

About the same time a "lady" was charged at Bow Street with stealing a gentleman's breast-pin, and the evidence was to the effect that the thief secured the jewel during an amorous embrace which she bestowed on her astonished and much disgusted victim.

The booking-office thief is another pickpocket who needs a deal of looking after. As a rule he uses a woman as a cover, and the thefts are committed whilst there is a crowd at the booking-office window. The woman buys a penny ticket or makes some inquiry of the clerk. Through the pigeon-hole a lengthy discussion proceeds. The thief stands next to her, impatiently awaiting his turn. Behind him



The booking-office thief.

stretches a line of people waiting to get their tickets, and the members of the queue press closely against each other. This is the thief's opportunity. Holding a cigar rather conspicuously in his left hand, he reaches round with his right, lifts the watch of the man next him, and drops it into the woman's dress-pocket. She immediately moves off to catch her train, the thief buys a ticket, and follows her. If the victim misses his watch and accuses the thief the latter is only too ready to be searched, for he well knows that no evidence of his guilt will be found upon him.

And now for the most daring of all pickpockets—those who frequent the banks and building society offices and frequently rob people of all they possess in the world. One of the most daring of these died in prison not long ago, and detectives who knew him well estimated that he was responsible for most of the surprising robberies which occurred some years back at the Birkbeck Bank. He kept a small account at the bank, and whenever he wanted to increase his funds went there during the busiest part of the day to cash a small cheque. He would meekly allow other people to take his turn at the counter, but his keen eyes were roving here and there and everywhere until he found someone who was being paid a large sum of money. Then he would carefully note the pocket into which they consigned the notes, and would follow them from the bank. He robbed one gentleman in a very neat fashion. The victim, with his notes in his inside breast-pocket, went from the bank into a neighbouring public-house. The pickpocket was close at his heels watching for his opportunity. The victim took his refreshment and attempted to leave the hostelry. The thief apparently wanted to enter at the same moment, and there was a little clumsy scramble between the swing doors. Mutual apologies followed and both passed on their way. The thief immediately retraced his footsteps and vanished down Chancery Lane. The victim pursued his way to his solicitor's

office in Gray's Inn. There, to his grief, he found that his savings for five years, which he had just withdrawn from the bank in order to purchase a house, had gone.

"Are those your gloves, sir?" inquired a well-dressed man in a bank one afternoon of another man who was just about to pay in a goodly sum in notes and gold, pointing to a pair lying on the floor. The gentleman addressed turned, examined the gloves, and, finding that they were not his, turned to say so to his questioner. The latter had vanished; so had the notes and gold. A hue and cry followed, but in the courts and traffic the man easily distanced his pursuers, and, it is believed, dived into a tube station, where a train carried him to other scenes.

A handful of coppers dropped on the floor of a bank has drawn the attention of people paying in at the counter long enough to allow a thief to perform his self-allotted task, and vast sums of money have been stolen in this way.

Ladies, to foil pickpockets, should carry their purses in their hands, and have a strap holding the money-bag to the wrist. Gentlemen should keep their coats tightly buttoned, should fasten their pins with a patent screw or something similar, and leave their valuable watches at home if they intend to form a unit in a crowd.

THE ENTERPRISING BURGLAR.

How He Takes Advantage of the Policeman's Flirtations.

Police-Constable X Y Z slowly paced his beat. It was two, o'clock in the morning. Fine and dark, with just a suggestion of ice about the gentle breeze, enough to give it an edge and keep the man in blue on the move. By and by his steady steps carried him to the mouth of a courtyard. Something a few yards down moved and caught his vigilant eye. He turned, and on the instant, and without thinking, a flood of light from his bull's-eye illuminated the passage. In the rays from the lamp the figure of a woman, young, good-looking, and well-dressed, was focussed. She was bending over engrossed with her bootlace, and started in a frightened fashion as the light fell upon her. P.-C. X Y Z was only human, and he had an eye for a pretty figure. He turned and cast a searching eye down the main street of a well-known suburb of London, part of which was included in his beat. Nothing was stirring, and he walked up the passage with a fine show of authority.

The lady was frightened, and, with a rapid flow of words and a faint suggestion of tears, commenced to tell a woful tale of a last train lost, of a pocket picked, and of an attempt to walk home. "And coming up the street, I slipped on a piece of orange-peel and turned over on my ankle. The pain is dreadful, and I was just going to take off my boot and have a rest when you came along." The policeman is nothing if not solicitous. Beauty in distress appeals to him strongly, and he is at once all sympathy. A wave of benevolence passes over him as the damsel shows signs of fainting. She sways, and his good right arm flies out and clasps her waist and prevents her from falling. She becomes inert, and he uses his best endeavours to bring her round. In a minute or so she recovers, and then something in her manner seems to hint that there is a chance of a flirtation. Her profuse thanks and protestations of gratitude please him. His arm is still round her waist, and the gentle pressure which he has once or twice applied has not been resented. In fact the lady leans more heavily upon her supporter, as if she rather liked the experience. And so we will leave them and let the reader fill in the rest of the story to suit himself.

Ten hours later the contents bills of the evening papers, in letters several inches long, announce to the world at large that a daring jewel robbery has taken place in the London suburb aforesaid. The curious will buy a paper and read that the constable on the beat passed a certain jeweller's shop at a certain time and found it all safe. Twenty minutes or so later he passed along again, when, to his amazement, he found a gaping hole in the window, which had been cleared of the glittering gems which not long before had adorned it. The iron railing protecting the window had been wrenched away and lay on the pavement. The glass had been smashed and lay inside on the show cases, still adhering to a sheet of brown paper, thickly covered with some sticky substance. Of the thieves there was no trace.

So far as the public are concerned, there the matter ends. People wonder how on earth a burglar can go up to the window of a shop in a thoroughfare flooded with electric light and patrolled every few minutes by policemen, and annex the contents without being detected, and there are people who are so out of date as to infer that policemen on

night duty sleep on their beats. The sleeping policeman, it may at once be said, does not exist. There are too many sergeants and inspectors visiting him to allow of this luxury being indulged in.

Detectives come to the jeweller's shop and make a minute inspection of the scene of the robbery. Something in the method of the thief attracts their attention. "When did Handsome Jack come out?" asks one. "This is his work." He draws the attention of his comrades to various peculiarities in the affair, and they agree that it is the work of Handsome Jack or Black Bill, or whoever it may be.

Then one of the detectives goes off to question the constable who had charge of the beat about the time the robbery was committed. Amongst the questions asked him is: "Did you see a girl about?" Being off his guard, the constable tells the story of the distressed female he found in the courtyard, but omits all mention of the flirtation and what followed. But the detectives have heard enough. They recognise that the robbery has been committed by one of the smartest burglars in the kingdom. It is not the first or the twenty-first time he has committed a robbery in exactly the same way, and every time his good-looking female accomplice has engaged the policeman's attention whilst he was busily and safely "cracking the crib."

Our readers may imagine that we are romancing, but we



There is a chance of a flirtation.

can assure them that this is the true story of a robbery committed in London within the last twelve months. For obvious reasons, we cannot particularise as to date and district, but the main incidents occurred exactly as stated.

The man who engineered the robbery belongs to the highest order of his class—a kind of artist in crime, who takes a real pride in his work.

He would scorn to associate with some of the men who from day to day are charged at the police-courts with burglaries. And even in gaol this class distinction is to be noticed. The expert criminal looks down upon the burglar—the burglar who travels with a loaded revolver treats the area sneak with contempt.

Criminals, once they embark upon a nefarious career, find the line for which they are especially suited and stick to it through thick and thin. A cracksmen who committed his first burglary wearing a mask and carrying a loaded revolver always adopts the same methods in any future criminal adventures. So must the burglar who is known as the area sneak. He never attempts to enter a house from any other point than the area. Having adopted a method, they never trouble to change it. Thus it comes about that the police are frequently able to make exceedingly smart captures. A detective will visit the scene of a burglary, and some little peculiarity about the manner in which the robbery has been committed will give him a clue which leads

him to suppose that the "cracksman" is one of, say, a dozen or twenty who all operate in the same manner. The officer, in a way, recognises what might almost be called the "handwriting" of the burglary. Having done so he refers to his books, and finds that out of the group of men he suspects half a dozen or so are in gaol. Then he has to look up the others who are at liberty, and in this way many burglars have been brought to book.

A burglar requires to be a man of great nerve, and the amount of daring which some housebreakers display is little short of marvellous. Take the man who broke into a nobleman's house at Newmarket in May last. Though the mansion was full of sleeping guests and servants, he made himself quite at home, boiled water to make cocoa, had a comfortable meal, and levanted with a valuable piece of silver.

It requires a great deal of courage for a man to enter a house—the interior "geography" is frequently quite unknown to him—and prowl about in quest of "swag." The least unusual noise or the slightest miscalculation might destroy the whole of his carefully-laid plans and lead to his capture. Probably it is for this reason that the expert burglar steers clear of houses in which there are young children. The explanation is simple enough. Youngsters leave their toys about the floor, and if the midnight marauder stepped upon a rattle or stumbled over the remains of a Noah's Ark or a drum he would sound alarms that are altogether superior to the most ingenious electrical appliances. Householders may take the hint, and protect their valuables by laying toy traps for burglars.

And the mention of alarms brings to mind the case of the two men who, some years ago, broke into Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and did not trouble to see if the place was protected by any patent contrivance. When they opened the window and slipped inside the building they sounded an electric bell in the caretaker's house, a short distance away. Before they had even located the offertory boxes a force of police had surrounded the building, and in due course the pair were arrested and subsequently sentenced.

These thieves were mere bunglers at their business. The scientific burglar would have known all about the electric bells, and would have guarded against them. This individual never embarks upon a crib-cracking expedition until his plans are absolutely perfect. He carefully selects and marks the house to be broken into, and makes a note of it for future attention. When he has settled upon a place as being worth breaking into, he waits and watches systematically. He may spend days, even weeks, in this way, but not until he has quite satisfied himself as to the habits of all the inmates of the house, as to the whereabouts of the valuables, and the best way of breaking in and getting at them, does he make his attempt.

It is comparatively easy, generally speaking, for him to obtain all the information he desires. Very few servants have an objection to "followers," and if while spending her evening out a domestic is accosted by a smart-looking fellow, who is willing to take her to a music-hall or other place of entertainment, she naturally does not expect that her gallant will pay her place a visit during some night not very far distant, and rid the premises of any valuables that come within his reach. She is scarcely to be blamed because she told her escort that her master would be away on a holiday from such and such a date, and if whilst crossing the park on the arm of the supposed lover she remarked that the family were rich, that they had a huge store of silver and jewellery, and that these valuables were kept in certain places in certain rooms. All that can be said is that the poor girl didn't know. In this way very often the burglar gets the information he is seeking for. The questions which the "lover" puts to her seem innocent enough, for the girl's thoughts are far away from burglars, and she readily answers them, little dreaming to what use the knowledge will be put.

Having pumped the servant, the burglar keeps no more appointments. The next time he approaches the house it is in the guise of a hawker or beggar, and his object then is to ascertain how the principal doors are fastened. His ring at the bell being answered, he offers some commonplace article for sale, or asks for a copper. Perhaps the servant who confided in the smart young man is speaking to him, perhaps a footman; at any rate, he remains long enough to note the various locks and bolts and other protections against invaders. In this way he secures a line of retreat should a hurried exit be necessary when he pays the house his professional call.

Sometimes, adopting a more daring plan of operations, the burglar watches the house in the daytime until he sees

the male members of the family leave. Then he boldly rings the bell and tells the domestic who opens the door to him that he is a detective. He explains that as a large number of burglaries have been committed in the district, his chief has sent him round to all the big houses in order to see that the places are secure against entry. So that he may carry out his instructions, he asks to be allowed to examine the fastenings of doors and windows. Pleased with this anxiety for their safety, the occupants of the house allow him to examine the place. During the inspection not a thing escapes his eyes. He notes the weakest spots, suggests the strengthening of one or two fastenings, and, before he leaves, fixes on the most easy place for him to break in at. Or, again, in order to get inside the house he waits until only the servants are left at home, and then with a tool-bag in his hand rings at the door and announces that he has come to attend



The "Electric-light" Man.

to the electric light or telephone, or anything else that may suggest itself to his ready wit.

Then, having acquired a knowledge of the interior of the house, he hangs about the neighbourhood, and definitely satisfies himself as to the habits of the inmates. He notes the time they go to bed, and all the other little details that strike him as being necessary for the success of his operations. Before long he is ready to set to work, and how he does so will be described next week.



An Industrious Lawyer.

WHEN Mr. Dunning was at the Bar, he had an enormous practice, and was once asked how he managed to get all his work done. He answered, "I do one-third of it; another third does itself; and I don't do the remaining third."

The Winner and the Loser.

IN "Fog's Journal," 1737, the writer says: "I was mightily delighted with the whim I was shown on a sign at a village not far from this capital; though it is too serious a truth to excite one's risibility. On one side is painted a man stark naked, with this motto, 'I am the man who went to law and lost my cause.' On the reverse is a fellow all in tatters, looking most dismally, with this motto, 'I am the man who went to law and got my cause.'"

Peter the Great and His Lawyers.

PETER THE GREAT, being in England in term time, and seeing multitudes of people swarming about the Great Hall, wherein were held the three superior Courts of Judicature, is reported to have asked some about him who all those busy people were, and what they were about. Being answered, 'They are lawyers, sir,' 'Lawyers!' returned he, with great signs of astonishment. 'Why, I have but two in my whole dominion, and I design to hang one of them the moment I get home!'"

James Crow's Double

THE Tragic Story of a Fatal
Resemblance which led
to the hanging of the wrong
man.

"Every man," says the learned
Gesenius, "hath his double walk-
ing this earth. For God hath
moulded all his creatures in
pairs. Howbeit—seldom doth
any man meet his double; but if
any doth, then ill befalleth one
of them."

—GEORGE HERBERT,
"Jacula Prudentum."



A HUNDRED and seventy-four years ago one of the most popular and flourishing hostels in the ancient city of York was the Packhorse, in Micklegate.

The hostess was a buxom, middle-aged widow, Mrs. Hannah Williams, as shrewd a woman of business as there was to be found anywhere, even in a county famed for the shrewdness of its men and women. Mrs. Williams knew how to make her guests comfortable, and she must, we imagine, have been a landlady of much the same type as the one whom Frans Hals has immortalised in that famous portrait, which is one of the gems of our Na-

tional Gallery.

For many years Mrs. Hannah Williams had managed the Packhorse, and was generally reputed to have amassed a large sum of money. Impressed by the rumours of her wealth, suitors of all sorts and degrees had sought her hand, but she had apparently had quite enough of matrimony during the lifetime of the late lamented Mr. Williams; at any rate, she had no desire whatever to repeat the experiment.

In the year 1727 the head-waiter of the tavern was one Thomas Geddeley, who had been for some time in the employment of Mrs. Williams and enjoyed her confidence to a considerable extent. He was a plausible fellow, who had a happy way of ingratiating himself into the favour of the guests, and altogether he appeared to have about as snug and lucrative a berth as any waiter could wish to have.

One morning in the month of March, 1727, when Mrs. Williams came down to her private room, she found her cabinet desk, or *scriptoire*, as they called it in those days, broken open, papers strewn about the floor, and every drawer evidently rifled. A single glance at the wrecked piece of furniture was enough to confirm her worst fears. A sum of nearly £400 in notes and gold which had been locked up there had disappeared. All the servants of the establishment were at once summoned to their mistress's presence, and sternly questioned as to whether they had seen any suspicious character about, for she said she could not believe that any servant of hers could have robbed her. They one and all gave a solemn denial of any knowledge of the robbery, nor had any of them seen anyone of a suspicious character about the premises.

But when the servants had been questioned, and had asserted their innocence, it was noticed that Thomas Geddeley was not present. As the hostess dismissed the servants she said, "Send Thomas to me; say I want to speak to him particularly."

She relied on Geddeley's sagacity to help her to find some clue to the thief, and wanted, therefore, to consult with him at once. But presently one of the maids returned and said that Geddeley could not be found anywhere; he was not in his pantry, nor in his bedroom, nor in the coffee-room; in fact, though they had searched the house high and low, they could discover no trace of him. This was strange. However, it was just possible that Thomas might have gone out into the city on some business of his own.

But when an hour, two hours, three hours, elapsed, Mrs.

Williams began to have unpleasant suspicions that the waiter's disappearance might have some connection with the robbery. On further inquiry, one of the chambermaids stated that she had seen Geddeley in Mrs. Williams' private room early that morning with a poker in his hand, but as she had several times seen him there before, she took no notice of the circumstance. This made the fact of the waiter's disappearance more suspicious than ever, and when the whole day and night passed without any tidings of him, the hostess had no alternative but to reconcile herself to the conviction that the servant she had implicitly trusted had been so basely un-



"My name's James Crow."

grateful as to deliberately rob, in this heartless and shameless way, the mistress to whose kindness he owed so much.

In those days, when there were no railways, no telegraph, and but a very imperfect police system, it was easy enough for a thief to escape with his booty if he only got a few hours' clear start. Thomas Geddeley vanished and left no trace behind him, nor could the most searching inquiries discover any clue to his whereabouts. So Mrs. Williams was perforce compelled, as she herself remarked, "to grin and bear it."

About eighteen months passed, and the robbery at the Packhorse was almost forgotten by all but the hostess, when, as the boots of the tavern was passing down Skeldergate, he saw, helping to load a cart, a man whose face seemed familiar to him. He stopped and looked hard at the man, then stepped up to him, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Hulloa, Geddeley." The person so addressed turned sharply round, and with a stare of astonishment said:

"My name isn't Geddeley, and I never set eyes on you before."

"What! you're not Thomas Geddeley, as was waiter at the Packhorse?" exclaimed Boots.

"No; I never heard of the man you speak of, and I never was in the Packhorse in my life."

"Then who the devil are you?" asked Boots in bewilderment.

"My name's James Crow," replied the other, "and I have only been in York a fortnight. You've mistook me for somebody else."

"Well, if you're not him you're his twin brother," said Boots incredulously, and then walked away.

On his return to the Packhorse he told Mrs. Williams that he had seen Geddeley working as a porter, and that though the man denied that he was Geddeley, and said his

name was Crow, he (Boots) could swear it was the late waiter at the Packhorse. Mrs. Williams was of opinion that Boots must be mistaken, as she was sure that Geddeley would never dare to come back to York, where so many people knew him.

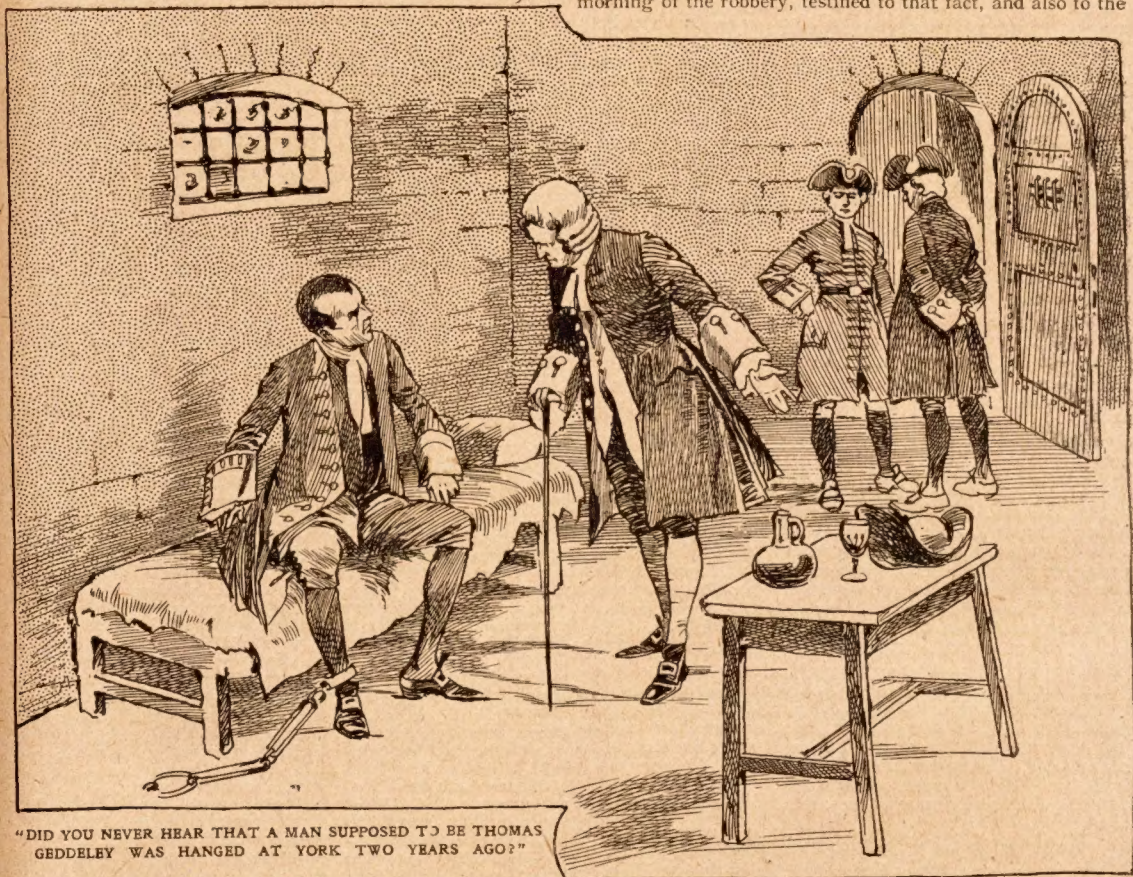
But the next day two tradesmen of the city came into the Packhorse, and both asserted that they had seen Geddeley, and that Mrs. Williams had better have him arrested at once, before he had time to escape. Mrs. Williams, however, still refused to believe that the man could possibly be Geddeley. But she said that if these gentlemen and Boots liked to swear an information before the magistrate and have a warrant issued for the man's arrest, she would come and identify him, and if he really turned out to be her late waiter she would prosecute him with the utmost rigour of the law.

In due course the man who called himself James Crow was arrested, and Mrs. Williams was sent for to identify him. He was placed among a score of other men, but the moment Mrs. Williams ran her eye down the line she picked him out at once, and, seizing him by the collar, exclaimed:

emphatically that the man was Thomas Geddeley, and that there could not possibly be any mistake about his identity. In vain the soi-disant James Crow asserted his ignorance of Thomas Geddeley and everything pertaining to him. Against such overwhelming proof of his identity with the thief his protestations were disregarded, and he was forthwith committed to York Castle for trial at the next assizes.

When the case came on the court was crowded, for the extraordinary recklessness of Geddeley in appearing in York after committing so deliberate and gross a crime, and his brazen impudence in trying to pass himself off as another man, had invested his trial with unusual interest.

The prisoner, who looked dazed and bewildered when he came into the dock, pleaded "Not guilty," but the evidence against him was such as to leave not the slightest doubt of his guilt. Mrs. Williams, the servants of the Packhorse, and a dozen other independent witnesses all swore positively that the prisoner was Thomas Geddeley, late waiter at the Packhorse. The chambermaid, who had seen him in Mrs. Williams's private room with the poker in his hand on the morning of the robbery, testified to that fact, and also to the



"DID YOU NEVER HEAR THAT A MAN SUPPOSED TO BE THOMAS GEDDELEY WAS HANGED AT YORK TWO YEARS AGO?"

"Oh, you base, ungrateful rascal! I've caught you at last, have I? Oh, you villain, you thief! You shall swing for this, or my name's not Hannah Williams!"

All the while she was uttering these exclamations the excited hostess of the Packhorse, who was a big and powerful woman, was shaking the man as a terrier might shake a rat.

"Will you swear to him, Mrs. Williams?" asked the magistrate.

"Swear to him! I should think I could! I'm not likely to forget his hang-dog face, the rascally thief!"

When the unfortunate man was able to free himself from the grasp of the enraged hostess of the Packhorse he cried out in a loud voice:

"I tell you, mistress, you're mistaken; I never saw you before in my life. I never was in York till a fortnight ago. My name is James Crow, and I never knew anybody in my life of the name of Geddeley."

But Mrs. Williams was now positive that she saw her old waiter before her, and in order to clinch the matter she sent for some of her servants from the inn, all of whom swore

confused and frightened appearance of the culprit—though this, we cannot help thinking, was an after-thought on her part, seeing that at first she had asserted that she saw nothing in Geddeley's presence in the room to rouse her suspicions.

It was further elicited that the story which the prisoner had given of his antecedents after his arrest was not a satisfactory one. By his own showing he had been living the life of a rogue and a vagabond. He could refer to no employer for a character. He was very reticent about his movements during the previous eighteen months, and, in fact, left on the court the impression that, having spent the proceeds of the robbery in dissipation, he had been living a shiftless, hand-to-mouth existence ever since.

The prisoner was undefended, and on being asked what he had to say in his defence made a rambling, somewhat incoherent statement, winding up by solemnly calling God to witness that he was not the man he was asserted to be, that he was James Crow, that he had never known any such person as Thomas Geddeley, that he had never been in York

till he came there a fortnight before his arrest, and that he had never in his life set foot inside the Packhorse. When he had finished the judge said:

"But, surely, if your statement is true, you could have found witnesses to prove that you were not in York at the time of the robbery? Where do you say you were in the month of March, 1727?"

The prisoner hesitated. "I was—in—in Norwich, I think," he said. "No—in Nottingham—I—I can't remember now where I was."

This admission was fatal; but the judge, willing to do his utmost for the prisoner, said:

"Can you write?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then," continued his lordship, "surely you could have written to some persons who knew that you were not in York when the robbery was committed, and they would have come here to give evidence in your favour."

"I didn't know anyone to write to," said the prisoner sullenly.

This was a still more fatal admission, and after that the judge gave up the attempt to help the prisoner as a bad job. The summing up was short, and the jury, without leaving the box, found that "Thomas Geddeley, the prisoner at the bar, was guilty of the robbery with which he was charged." When asked what he had to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, the prisoner simply said, "I'm not guilty, my lord; I'm an innocent man."

Then the judge put on the black cap, and, amid solemn silence, "Thomas Geddeley" was condemned to die. After hearing the sentence the prisoner remained clutching the bar of the dock, leaning forward, with his eyes fixed in a dazed stare upon the judge.

It required the united strength of three warders to wrench away his desperate grasp upon the bar. Then, as he turned his ashen face to the jury, he cried, in a voice which no one who heard it ever forgot:

"You've killed an innocent man!"

Four days later "Thomas Geddeley" was hanged, but from the moment he was removed from the dock till the drop fell he never uttered another word to any human being. He died mute.

Nearly two years after the execution of "Thomas Geddeley," Mr. Gibson, a solicitor from York, happened to be in Dublin on business. He was in the courts one day when the assizes were on, and a man was placed in the dock to stand his trial for robbery. The Yorkshire solicitor glanced at the prisoner, and then gave a great start of surprise, for before him he saw Thomas Geddeley, the man who had been hanged nearly two years before at York, or his ghost. He rubbed his eyes, and stared harder than ever at the prisoner.

He was indicted under the name of Johnson, and the evidence of his crime was so conclusive against him that the jury without hesitation found him guilty, and he was sentenced to death. The extraordinary resemblance of this man to the Thomas Geddeley who had been executed at York so impressed Mr. Gibson that after the trial he applied for permission to visit the condemned criminal. The request was granted, and the solicitor was the next day admitted to the convict's cell.

"I want you," said Mr. Gibson, "to clear up a mystery before you die. Did you ever know a man named Thomas Geddeley?"

The answer was a startling one.

"Yes, Mr. Gibson, I know you well. I am Thomas Geddeley."

"And you robbed Mrs. Williams, of the Packhorse?"

"I did, sir."

"Then, my God, you've been the means of sending an innocent man to his death!"

"How so?" asked the convict eagerly.

"Why, did you never hear that a man, supposed to be Thomas Geddeley, was hanged at York two years ago for the robbery?"

"As God is my judge, I never heard of it. I came straight over here directly after I robbed Mrs. Williams, changed my name, and here I've been ever since." Then Mr. Gibson told the story of James Crow, and Geddeley, though his own death was but a few hours distant, was so affected that he burst into tears.

When Mr. Gibson returned to York he lost no time in making public this extraordinary story, at the same time

bearing witness to the marvellous likeness between the two men, which, he said, was so close as to have deceived anyone.

What Mrs. Hannah Williams and all the other witnesses who swore away the life of an innocent man may have thought and felt after hearing Mr. Gibson's startling revelation we cannot tell. But no one, we think, would envy them their feelings. Perhaps, however, they took the matter philosophically when they reflected that all the remorse and regret in the world could not bring poor James Crow to life again. There are those who say that every man has his double in existence, but let us hope that never again may that fact bring such fatal consequences as when a jury of Yorkshiremen mistook James Crow for Thomas Geddeley.



Keep In With the Coppers!

THE other night I was walking past a London Theatre, which is used on Sundays as a Revivalist Camp. There was a good-natured, noisy scoffer, advising all his pals to go in and get saved. Three of the door-keepers were looking on, in the full and certain hope that, as out of evil there cometh good, perhaps one of the bystanders might take the man at his word, and come into the House of Grace. Suddenly one of the "E" Division of Police appeared. He had heard some noise, and he felt justified in telling the crowd to move on.

But, on the spur of the moment, one of the door-keepers said to the constable, "Take him away!" And the constable arrested—the wrong man. He very quickly released his prisoner and arrested someone else. That much I saw; but, much as I wondered at the nature of the evidence that the constable would give at Bow Street, do you think I went there next morning? Not likely!

There was a bit of a coincidence connected with all that. For I had in my hand at the time a copy of "Le Matin," a Paris paper I seldom, or never, buy. When I got home and read "Le Matin," I found it contained a critique of a little sketch in three tableaux, by M. Anatole France, called "Craquebille," which had been performed for the first time on the previous evening at the Renaissance Theatre, in Paris; a curtain-raiser which had made the audience shed tears. Monsieur Anatole France has no counterpart in this country, though in America they might pretend that they had. For in America they say that there are only two books, "properly so-called," one being the Bible, the other being "Ben Hur." But Anatole France is a Dickens and a Besant-and-Rice thrown into one, with the good points of George Meredith, and half-a-score more.

Craquebille is a Parisian coster, who is selling a bunch of parsnips to an old woman, who tries to beat him down, and eventually has to go indoors to fetch the one halfpenny out of which she hoped to best the man with the barrow. Up comes a policeman, and Craquebille is charged with causing an obstruction—and, further, with having ejaculated, "Mort aux vaches!" ("I wish somebody would kill all the old cows!"), language which the poor chap never used. On the way to the station there are several accidents, all due to the curiosity of the crowd as to why Craquebille has been "pinched."

Tableau II. takes us before the "beak." The poor coster knows nothing about what he is charged with. "A halfpenny is a halfpenny, and why should I be moved on before I was paid?" Then there appeared a doctor, a red-ribboned, Legion of Honour toff, to put in a good word for Craquebille. (You will observe that "I"—yours truly, to wit—knew better than to go to Bow Street.) The doctor might have saved his time. Craquebille gets the inevitable fortnight in the stir.

The third Tableau finds us with Craquebille back again on his old pitch, but it does not run to a donkey-barrow, and his trade has all gone anyhow. Not only that, but his customers have heard that he has been locked up, and think that he is a bad character. Cold and starvation are hard at it, and the curtain falls with Craquebille on the point of drowning himself in the River Seine.

We know plenty of such stories, and we know plenty of Good Samaritans, like the red-rosetted doctor in "Craquebille," who have failed just as completely when it is a case of saying a word again the police. Personally, I learnt wisdom when I was a small boy. There had been a big function at the opening of a new bridge. An alderman had fallen into the river, had gone home in a cab, changed his clothes, come back again, fallen into the river again, once more to go home in a cab—this time to stop at home. "Wisdom," you will say. A step or two lower down the social ladder, there was a man who was as drunk as that alderman. When requested to move on from a point on the bridge, he began to quote appropriate texts, such as, "Says Simon Peter, 'I go a-fishing.'" His wife at last said, "Now, George, thee'd best do as the police tells thee. Let's go home." The husband started off with a step as elastic as if a brass band had been playing, again quoting scripture, "The powers that be are ordained of God." That man kept out of trouble.

Criminal Problems

HOW TO PREVENT CRIME— EXAMPLE.



HAVING placed out children amid decent surroundings, their minds will be the better fitted for the receipt of instruction. I do not mean that we have the offspring of the criminal classes in reformatories, but that their parents have been housed in respectable dwellings, brightened with pictures, however cheap, and have been compelled to be clean, partly by the force of the law, and chiefly by the spirit of emulation, which prevents Mrs. Brown from having a dirtier home than Mrs. Smith. Then we are able to take the next step in the training of youthful Britain.

Parental example and control is the second factor in the manufacture of the unwilling guests of society. Where the parents are continually drunk, where they vacillate between gaol and the public-house at the corner, where the only conversation is a medley of oaths and obscenity, can we expect that the children will grow up to be decent citizens?

How are we to reform these parents which set such a bad example to their offspring? By precisely the same method which we wish them to apply to their children—by example. Here is a sample of how this may be done. Not so very long ago Beaconsfield Buildings, near King's Cross, was a regular hotbed of crime. Thieves and pickpockets vied with harlots and bullies in making the district a veritable hell on earth. To remedy this, Dr. Gwyther and his plucky wife took up their abode in the very middle of this sink of iniquity, and by their patient example have entirely reclaimed that portion of London. They made no show of preaching, but the sight of the decency in which they lived and of the comfort which was obtainable even in that benighted region, worked wonders with the poor creatures, whose highest idea of comfort was to have a few sacks to sleep on in preference to the bare floor.

A second example is to be found [redacted] near Campbell Road, North London. So abandoned were the people who dwell in this street that all hopes of it ever being the abode of decent citizens was given up. The clergy dare not go near it, and constables gave it a wide berth at night. Then an enterprising reformer arranged for several policemen to live rent free in the road, and some steady officers accepted the offer, and were housed at different points. They made no active attempt to interfere with the residents, but they kept their houses as models of cleanliness and order. In course of time their neighbours got ashamed of the filth and squalor of their own dwellings, and gradually began to take an interest in improving their quarters. The movement once started, other housewives could not be left in the lurch, and so the street was gradually improved. It is not yet a model district, but the work which has been done in the last few years is most encouraging to those who have the welfare of the country at heart.

If this principle is applied to other areas the very parents who now stand in the light of their children's reclamation will unconsciously become factors in that reformation.

We must not expect that we can immediately change the whole tenor of the criminal population—that would be a miracle—but we have every reason to believe that, by working through the parents and adults, we can hope to train up a generation which will not be familiarised with crime, and which will have reasonable ambitions to aid them to lead a healthy, sober life.

Following on example must come parental control. This is one of the most difficult points in the scheme of reformation with which we have to deal. Brutality will never keep a youngster in the right path, and it is well-nigh impossible to impress on the elders, whose education consisted solely of a series of thrashings with the buckle end of a belt, that their children should be differently managed. We are not advocates for the disregard of the maxim of Solomon, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," but we do assert that indiscriminate chastisement does more to ruin the character of the young than total neglect does, bad as the latter course is.

To bring about the desired result in this case we must reform the parent through the child. In the schools to which the children go the greatest emphasis must be laid on the necessity for obedience to parents in all things which are right, while stimulus must be given to the childish desire to do little things "to help mother" or to save up "to buy something for dad." The voluntary acts of loving kindness will in time bear fruit, and the parent, seeing how he is beloved by

his offspring, will unconsciously change from the tyrant to the friend, and the infant hands of his little ones will effect a change which no amount of preaching could have brought about.

In cases where there is no hope of bringing the parents to a proper sense of their high duties it is necessary to remove the children from their custody, for in the interests of humanity and of the State it is impossible to permit the young to be ruined through sentiment. The children should, then, be placed in schools in the country, happy, bright homes, in no way resembling penal or industrial schools, and the depraved parents should be compelled to pay for the training of their children, which they have shown themselves incapable of doing. In this matter of the custody of children a wider discretion should certainly be allowed to magistrates, relieving-officers, and school teachers, who are the people most likely to be in closest contact with the unnatural parents.

LEAVES FROM . . OUR NOTEBOOK

Only Two Honest Lawyers.

LORD CLARENDON says, in his diary, under date January, 1689: "I was at the Temple with Mr. Roger North and Sir Charles Porter, who are the only two honest lawyers I ever met with."

Why He Pleaded Bad Causes.

LANGLOIS was a famous French lawyer, and on being once asked by a high Government official why he was willing to plead bad causes, replied: "Well, sir, I do it because I have lost so many good ones."

The Requisites for Success in a Lawsuit.

A VERY old solicitor, Mr. Selwin, after he had retired from practice, was once asked by a near relative what he considered was requisite for success in a law suit. "Why," he replied, "first you must have a good case; secondly, a good attorney; thirdly, a good counsel; fourthly, good witnesses; fifthly, a good jury; sixthly, a good judge; and, lastly, good luck."

The Lawyer's First Book.

THE son of Macklin, the actor, was designed by his father for the profession of a lawyer, and was entered in the Temple, chambers taken, and a library purchased. In telling the story, Macklin said, "And what book, sir, do you think I made him begin with? Why, sir, I'll tell you; the Bible—the Holy Bible."

"The Bible, Macklin, for a lawyer?" replied his auditor.

"Yes, sir, the properest and most scientific book for an honest lawyer, as there you will find the foundation of all law, as well as all morality."

Dean Swift's Smart Retort.

DEAN SWIFT once preached an Assize sermon in Ireland, in which he considered the use and abuse of the law, and spoke somewhat disparagingly of those advocates who pleaded causes which they knew to be wrong. After the service the Dean dined with the judges, and when the meal was over and the wine in circulation, a young barrister tackled Swift about his morning's sermon, and after a sharp passage of words the young advocate said: "If the devil was to die I'm sure a parson could be found who, for a little money, would preach his funeral sermon." "Yes," retorted Swift, "I would gladly be the man, and I would then give the 'devil' his due, just as I have this day done with his 'children.'"

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor
will be pleased to

answer any
suitable questions.

Q.—We will consider your proposition.

MEXICO.—You would probably get "n years penal servitude."
RIPPER.—Philippe was nick-named "The French Ripper" as you would have seen if you had followed the paper.

ROBERT.—Glad you appreciate the paper. Many constables have thanked us for providing them with records of crime.

LAW.—You are supposed to be fully acquainted with the whole of the laws of England, and ignorance of the law is no excuse.
X. V. Z. Z.—Probably you have mistaken the name. The person you refer to was petitioner in a Divorce Case, and was never in the Criminal Courts.

LOVELY HAIR.

We will send **ABSOLUTELY Free** to all who enclose two penny stamps to cover postage, testimonials, medical certificate, &c., a sample of the most wonderful preparation ever discovered for the hair. It produces luxuriant masses, prevents falling out or turning grey, causes the hair to grow on bald places and restores it to its natural colour. Removes scurf and dandruff, renders it soft and brilliant, and imparts a most delicious and refreshing perfume. Address, **WM. JAMESON, LTD.**, 92, Newington Butts, London, S.E.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.**MARVELLOUS SUCCESS.**

We have an absolute and permanent cure, entirely free from anything harmful or injurious to the most delicate skin, never failing to entirely eradicate the strongest growth, destroying the roots so completely that the annoyance will never reappear. This Cure is registered by Government, and to prove the correctness of the above statements, we will send absolutely **Free**, securely packaged and free from observation, with medical certificate and testimonials, a sample of this remedy to all who enclose two penny stamps to cover postage, &c. Address, **C. TAYLOR & CO.**, 10, Fleet St., London, E.C.

PRETTY FACES.

Free to all who enclose two stamps to cover postage, &c., a sample of a true Complexion Beautifier, which removes all such blemishes as freckles, tan, sunburn, pimples, blotches, discolouration, redness, blackheads, sallowness, &c., making the complexion clear, delicate, and surprisingly beautiful, brilliant as porcelain, soft as velvet. **Free** sample with testimonials and medical certificate, for two penny stamps, from **WM. JAMESON, LTD.**, 92, Newington Butts, London, S.E.

TOO FAT.

Free samples of a Marvellously Successful Remedy, Taylor's Tablets remove all superfluous fat in a few weeks. Especially successful in all cases of excessive fatness upon stomach, hips and waist. No change in diet, no inconvenience, improve health and figure, cure shortness of breath. Suitable for either sex. To prove foregoing, we will send a free sample, with testimonials and medical certificate to all who enclose two penny stamps to cover postage, &c. Address, **C. TAYLOR & CO.**, 10, Fleet Street, London, E.C. A cure registered by Government.

BLUSHING.

Free to all sufferers, a sample of the most successful remedy ever discovered for the cure of

BLUSHING

A cure perfectly harmless, which in a few days causes this embarrassing annoyance to be a thing of the past. Never fails, permanent, harmless. Registered by Government. Send two stamps to cover postage, testimonials, medical certificate, &c., and address, **Mrs. H. NEVILLE**, 8, Newington Causeway, London, S.E.

**TRY**

With very little trouble you can earn a

SOLID SILVER WATCH,

and we also tell Agents how to make a regular income of **50/- per week**. We want every man, woman, boy, or girl who reads this advertisement to send for 24 of our latest Silver Aluminium Novelties.

SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU.

You can sell them at once at 2d. each, and, when sold, send us the 4/-, and any present you select from our list of useful articles will be sent you. We are giving away many thousands of pounds worth of useful Presents to advertise our business. Write now, it costs nothing to try.

GOLD & CO., No. 55, The Watch House, DELAMERE CRESCENT, LONDON, W.

If you want to be

BEAUTIFUL

BUY

Smart**Novels**

The weekly articles (written by an expert) tell how to improve your health, your complexion, your eyebrows, your hair, your figure.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS.

Found at last! A true cure. Registered by Government. Guaranteed absolutely harmless to the tenderest skin, and to never fail in permanently destroying the reproductive properties of the hair, so for ever ridding the victims of this horrid annoyance. A fluid fragrant and pleasant, never failing, no matter how strong the growth may be, to effect its purpose. An absolute new and certain cure registered by Government. Sent post free and free from observation, with full directions, testimonials, and medical certificate, prior 4/- 6d., by **T. E. MASON REMEDY CO.**, 2, Newington Causeway, London, S.E.

DRUNKENNESS.

Is this terrible disease the cause of misery to you or yours? Should it be so do not hesitate to obtain a cure, which I can send you, and which can be used without the knowledge of the patient. Write to-day for particulars of my remedy, enclosing stamped addressed envelope for reply. Address: **L. LESLIE**, 65, Robur Street, Brixton, London, S.W.

TOO STOUT. For years I was a very rolls of fat upon the stomach and hips, was short of breath, and a positive misery to myself. Almost by accident I became possessed of a remedy which has cured me, and I will send particulars for stamped addressed envelope—**Mrs. MOORE**, 1, Borough Road, London, S.E.

BLUSHING

Permanently cured in a few days by a very simple, harmless, and permanent remedy. Full particulars sent post free to all who send two stamps and stamped addressed envelope.—Address: **Mrs. BEECH**, 8, St. George's Circus, London, S.E.



H-A-V-Y M US-ACHES and **HANDSOME BEARDS** cured by "Hugo-Vitaline" most rapid Hair Grower on Earth. Bottles, directions. Testimonials, post free, **1/3 2/6 & 5/-**, **FORBES & CO.**, 47, Fetter Lane, London.

For Advertising Spaces

FAMOUS CRIMES, SHUREY'S ILLUSTRATED, SKETCHY BITS,

Or any of our Publications,

Apply to **FREDK. SIMMS**, 11, Gough Square, Fleet Street, E.C. Scale of Advertisement Rates and Copies of Publications on application.

Thirty - Guinea Piano FREE.

See this Week's Issue of . . .

DAINTY NOVELS

Every Wednesday, One Penny.

See this Week's Issue of . . .

SMART NOVELS

Every Monday, One Penny.

See this Week's Issue of . . .

SMART NOVELS

Every Monday, One Penny.

See this Week's Issue of . . .

DAINTY NOVELS

Every Wednesday, One Penny.

Of all Newsagents and Railway Bookstalls.

DESCRIPTION OF PIANO—Walnut, Rosewood, or Ebonised Case; Full Compass, Iron Frame, Full Trichord, Check Repeating Action, and all modern improvements; Height, 4 ft. 2 in.; Width, 4 ft. 7 in. Handsome in appearance, and of great durability. Tone, rich, full, and resonant; Touch, most delicate and elastic. **GUARANTEED FOR 25 YEARS.**

The Piano is by the well-known firm, **CRANE & SONS, LIMITED**, and can be seen at their various branches: London, 149, Oxford Street, W.; Glasgow, 82 and 84, New City Road; Dublin, 40, Upper Sackville Street; Manchester, 308 and 310, Deansgate; Birmingham, Corporation Street; Belfast, 40, High Street; Bolton, 156, Deansgate; Wigan, Library Street; St. Helens, 7, Church Street; Wrexham, Crane's Buildings, Regent Street; Seacombe, 48, Brighton Street, etc., etc.

Printed and Published by **HAROLD FURNISS**, at Caxton House, Gough Square, Fleet Street, London.

Sole Agents in the Colonies—GORDON & GORDON, London; Melbourne; Sydney; Brisbane; Perth, W.A.; Wellington, N.Z.; Christchurch, N.Z.; Cape Town & Durban, S.A.